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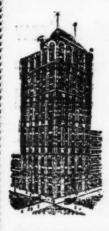
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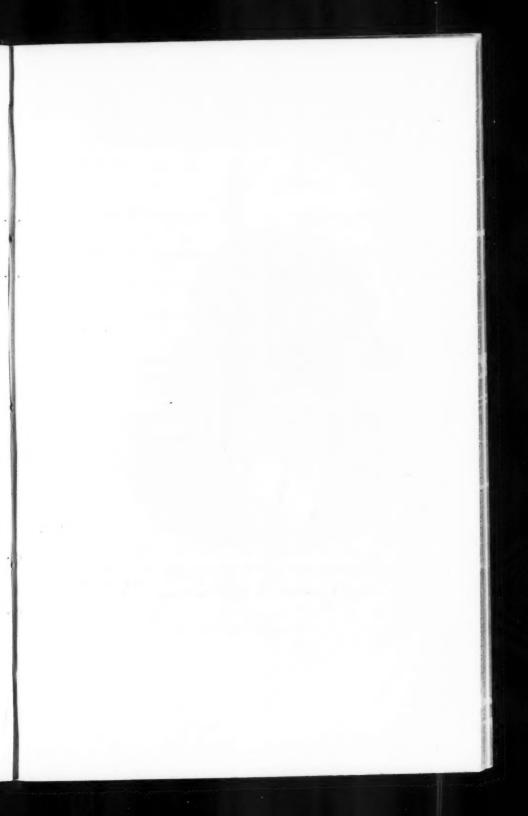
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Editorial Department

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Whatever may be said to the contrary by fanatics and others, all sensible men will agree who have read the history of our country with clearness of comprehension, that in some way, not at all remote or difficult to understand, the presence of the Negro race in the United States is the direct cause of the political conflict between the white people of the North and the white people of the South. Indeed. the sentiments which make for civilization have been widely different in these two sections, simply because of the innocent presence of the black The Negro race is the most potent factor in keeping the whites of the North and the whites of the South in political strife, in religious disunion, in educational differences, and accounts for the discrepancies which are discovered in the various ities for the Negro to associate in a circumstances leading up to this about him, the children played to-

strife and fast line of demarkation separating the whites of the two sections, is the fact that not many years ago, the Negro in the South was held as chattel and in the North, was regarded as a man.

Although the discussion of constitutes a free country these two sections, culminated in bitterness and war and the devastation and destruction of the larger part of one section and the ultimate emancipation of the black people, yet the Negro race in the southern states is not free and a man risks being ridiculed out of court who attempts to predict when this race will be wholly free in that section. Indeed, with the Negro's increase of knowledge and accumulation of wealth, the lines seem to be more strictly drawn between the two races in the South. Just after the war, and before, there were opportuninstitutions of the South. Indeed, the friendly manner with the white people

gether in the streets and in the backyards, but today, in every part of the southern states, wherever the Negro shows any sign of appreciating higher ideals, spiritual, physical and purely economic aspirations, the white man apprehending danger places insurmountable barriers in his way. Negro race is segregated in the larger cities of the southern states and the destruction of one Negro's home often means the peril of hundreds of others; as was the case with the recent fire in South Atlanta, Georgia, when 400 families were put upon the streets by the flames which swept through the Negro settlement, and many of them today are living upon the charity of the city.

Public places, such as hotels, dining rooms, cafes, restaurants, parks, theatres, churches are all closed to the Negro in the South. Jim Crow cars are being introduced throughout the southern states. Nearly every large city has either put the Negro passenger in the rear seats in the street cars or they are contemplating such Negroes are not permitted action. to take an active part in the governmental affairs of their municipality however influential, however well trained, however wealthy. The discerning man meditating upon growth and development of this perilous state of affairs, is driven to ask "What is to be the the question, future of the Negro race in the United States?" It is perfectly clear that the divergence of opinion existing in the two sections between the whites must harmonize and be settled sooner or later; either that the North must convert the South to its habit of thought and viewpoint or the South thought and viewpoint and thus settle tort the facts, misrepresent the Negro,

forever the question as to what is to be done with the Negro race. whether we care to believe it or not, the tacit agreement between men of influence of both sections, is rapidly being reached. The white south is gradually but surely, converting the North to its way of thinking about the Negro. The books sent out by southern authors are read more diligently and are sold more largely than the more conservative works of northern men. The magazine articles written by southern white men, are commented on more freely, and there is more or less agreement between men of letters that the South knows better how to settle its problems than the North.

The ranks of those who once stood for human rights are rapidly breaking and approaching the vanishing point, so that today, it is almost impossible to find a white man in the problem so seriously as to be led to North or West who thinks about this take a decided stand in behalf of justice. Such uncompromising noblemen as Salmon P. Chase. Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner are no longer to be found to plead the cause of human rights. Indeed, the thinking today is being done by the southern white people; the plea is for injustice. These white people are doing some very hard thinking and scheming to the end that the black man be entirely shut out in the race of life. Their young men are employed upon the leading newspapers of the North, they shape the policies of the journals upon which they are working. create sentiment against the Negro; and when some incident happens which might be used to advance the must convert the North to its habit of Negro in public favor, these men disand instead of the reports bringing him credit and renown, they usually result in his disgrace.

And yet, we are told by some doctrinaires to let the Negro alone, and to let the South alone, and there will be no more Negro question. Let the Negro alone: leave the South to deal with him: and the Union will be as sincere and cordial as at any time since it was formed. Let him not alone: assist effectively the principle of his equality as a citizen, which the South rejects in practice, and fires of sectionalism will burn as fiercely on the instant as they burnt at any time between 1865 and 1876. The present peace and unity of the white South and the white North, as far as they go, are purchased by the sacrifice of every principle and sentiment, right or wrong, that is embodied in the post bellum amendments of the constitution. It is an evil condition of things, but it appears the men in control have accepted it as a lesser evil than the condition which it has supplanted.

For these many years (since the emancipation of the slaves) the white men of the South have been seeking political power. They have used every instrument of cunning to keep the Negro down and they have at last eliminated him entirely as a factor in local political life in southern cities and towns. They have invaded Washington; Tillman and his band of vulgar tricksters are dominating the senate. Think of it, Pitchfork Tillman, the murderer, the heartless tyrant, who has no respect for the rights of the Negro, dominating and controlling a body of carefully selected and dignified men such as compose the United States senate-surely the day of dread is approaching!

We have recently heard the pessimist defined as one, who having the choice of one of two evils, choses both. The contemplation of present conditions as they bear upon the Negro inclines us toward pessimism. There is really little hope for the Negro when the United States senate is directed and practically dominated by such a man as Ben Tillman of South Carolina.

And, again, it is the contention of some that the two races which form such a disproportioned population of the South are too dissimilar to ever get along well together. They say that the two races should be as nearly alike as practicable. They should be as nearly equal as practicable in respect of numbers, strength, knowledge, culture, wealth, etc., to ensure the maintenance of equality in all their joint relations. They should entertain sentiments of peculiarly friendly regard for each other, and of confidence in each other. There should never have been any serious or longstanding cause of enmity or distrust between them, that would be likely to be revived or recalled under any circumstances. Both races should heartily desire the fusion to be effected, and should enter into the experiment voluntarily, and earnestly disposed to make it successful-not to say with eagerness and enthusiasm. And each philosopher, attempting to deal with this problem finds some new difficulty confronting him.

We agree with the man who, arguing from the economic point of view, boasts that the South is the best place for the Negro—that here he finds greater opportunities to acquire land and houses and that commercial advantages are everywhere before him.

. .

Take it by and large from the purely economic viewpoint, the South is an ideal place for the Negro race-there is no better place in the world for him. But the Negro with an education and high manly ideals is not living for bread and meat and land and houses alone: as desirable as these things are, there are other objects of life which must be satisfied in order that man may fill the highest purposes of his being. There are few who adopt the motto:

> Living to eat And eating to live, What more joy Can this world give?

The South is a terrible place for the ambitious Negro. He who would exercise the common rights and privileges of civil and political citizenship finds, if he is a Negro, that the South is next door to that heated place described somewhere in the Bible. The poorest, most ignorant white man in the South is accorded privileges denied the most cultured and refined Negro. How long is this condition of affairs to last?

It is as Mr. Hume says in his book, "The Abolitionists." "The National Anti-Slavery society was never more needed than it is today. There is a mighty work to be done that was directly in the line of its operations. First and foremost, it will not be denied that a citizen of our republic who is deprived of the elective franchise is robbed of one of his most valuable privileges-one of his most essential rights. The ballot, under a political system like ours, is both the sword ily. Scant praise is given to those and the shield of liberty. Without it no man is really a freeman. He does not stand on an equality with his fel- These are as far as possible ignored. lows."

"Nor will it be denied that the Negro, although our amended constitution promises him all the privileges of citizenship, is in many parts of our country practically divested vote. By a species of legerdemain in the communities in which he is most numerous and where he most needs protection, he is to all intents and purposes disfranchised. What will follow as the final outcome we do not know, but that is the beginning of his attempted re-enslavement. It is beyond any question that his return to involuntary servitude in some condition or conditions, the disarming him of the ballot being the initial step in the proceeding, is seriously contemplated, if not deliberately planned. Indeed, under the name of "peonage" the work of re-establishing a system of slaveholding that is barbarous in the extreme is already begun. and women have been seized upon by force, and upon the most flimsy pretexts have been subjected to a bondage that in its inhumanities may easily equal even the slavery of the olden time. The number of victims is undoubtedly much larger than the general public has any idea of."

"Nor are there lacking signs of studied preparation for the extension of the system. The present time is full of them. Efforts to create a prejudice against the colored man are visible in all directions. He is described as a failure in the role of freeman. The idleness and shiftlessness of certain members of his race-undoubtedly altogether too numerous-are dwelt upon as charcteristic of the entire fammembers who are doing well, and whose number is encouragingly large. The race problem is spoken of as

full of increasing difficulties, and as makers and home-keepers, for you nevimperatively demanding a change er yet had any formidable quantity of from present conditions. The people criminals from a people or locality of the North are being especially indoctrinated with such ideas. are told that they must leave their brethren of the former slaveholding staets, in which the Negroes principally dwell, to deal with the issues arising between the whites and the blacks; that they-the southernersunderstand the questions to be settled, and that outsiders should withhold their hands and their sympathies. It is none of their business, they are informed, while assurances are freely given that the people who, because of their experience with them, understand the Negroes, will take considerate care of them. What kind of care they are taking of them in certain quarters is shown by recent incontestable revelations."

We have heard nothing from President Roosevelt recently concerning the "square deal" for the Negro citizen of the United States. It appears that he has lost sight of the proposition since his visit through the southern states some months ago. His speech on the 30th of May, delivered before the Negro students and teachers at the Hampton Institute, sounds more like a nursery lecture than the address of the most distinguished citizen of the country to his peers. We believe in thriftiness and industry and homemaking and home-getting, but we also believe in education and intelligence and civil and political rights for all citizens under the constitution.

The president said: "From the standpoint of the white man, the safest and best thing that can happen is to have the colored people around him | single man in the house of represenbecome thrifty, industrious home tatives at Washington or in the sen-

.

where the average type was the home-They maker and the home-keeper. So from the standpoint of the white man nothing better can be done than to give to the colored man that real education, that real training which he gets here at Hampton and in similar institutions. From the standpoint of the coiored man, the only real way to help him is to help him help himself. In the long run, in this world, no human being can be carried. What this institution does is to train young men and women to walk by themselves."

> Primarily, the Negro must accumulate property in order to live in decency and security, but it is also important, if he would become the best sort of citizen that he shall take part in the government: that his voice shall be heard in the legislature and in all of the activities of American life he shall figure as conspicuously as any other member of the body politic. The Negro cannot be the best sort of citizen by showing thrift merely or by proving himself industrious or by simply purchasing a lot and a house. He must have high ideals and must be progressive in his aspirations, and aggressive in his upward strivings. He must not be hampered or beaten back even in his political ambitions. If he is to vote for others, he has a perfect right to be voted for, and he should be given fair chance and equal opportunity to be voted for. Certainly, he cannot secure the protection of his own accumulations, except he has a voice in the lawmaking bodies of the land.

When we realize that there is not a

ate who has the courage to say a single word in defence of the Negro at the present time, and there is not a Negro there to speak for himself, or in behalf of his own race, the situation is pathetic to say the least. It must be remembered that the Negro race at the present time represents one-tenth of the population of the country and as far as statistics show. increase in intelligence and thrift and enterprise on the part of the Negro during the past 40 years, is surprising. And yet the further out into the sunlight of intelligence he gets, the less brilliant are his future hopes. What of the future? WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

The Southern white man's frantic abhorrence of the educated Negro's presence in any purely social group designed for his comfort or entertainment; the bitter wrath kindled in his bosom that inevitably leads to self-stultification, madness and utter recklessness when he observes a Negro enjoying the ordinary comforts provided in public places for those who have the money to pay their way; the frenzy with which he debates the Negro question, his rights, privileges and his place in the social sphere, and his willing action, contrary to decency and order, and subversive of all written law, was recently exemplified on a southern railway train in the state of Tennessee. What we here chronicle is one of the most shocking examples of wrong and injustice, race discrimination and violence, ever witnessed in all the years of southern outrages upon the Negro. It was an attempt to degrade and humiliate a defenseless man; a man of fine qualities of head and heart, and of great breadth of mind. Cowardly indeed was the forceful ejection from a

Tennessee, of the Reverend Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom, the eloquent and uncompromising defender of the common rights of man, and the scholarly pastor of the Charles Street A. M. E. church of Boston, by two irresponsible, brutal white men, private citizens who presumably owned no stock in either the Pullman Parlor Car Company or the southern railroad over which they were travelling.

The Rev. Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom was invited by Prof. William H. Councill, president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, located at Normal. Alabama, to deliver an address before the graduating class of that institution on Monday evening, May 28th. Dr. Ransom was en route for Normal, and was traveling over the Southern Railroad. He was passing through the state of Tennessee. He carried with him a travelling bag which he took on the occasion of his recent tour of Europe and which was nearly covered with tags giving the names of foreign cities and towns. This bag attracted the attention of a white lady passenger in the Pullman car in which Dr. Ransom was riding and she asked him a number of questions about his trip through Europe. During the brief conversation, two white men boarded the train and one of them immediately approached the Doctor and with an inexcusable impertinence, asked him in typical southern brogue, "Ain't you a nigger?" Dr. Ransom, in his usual polite manner, replied, "I beg your pardon," as if not to comprehend the question put to him and he refused to say another word to the stranger, but the white men repeated the same question and being unable to elicit any other response, from the clergyman, with the assistance of his companion. Pullman parlor car at Morristown, undertook to force Dr. Ransom from

his seat, but not without resistance. Overpowered, being naturally frail physically, Dr. Ransom was carried bodily through two coaches to the "Jim | zenship guaranteed to them by the or-Crow Car" and was there watched by those who regarded his occupancy of a seat (for which he had paid) in a parlor car with white people, as a great bought by them and to which they are crime.

It would seem to us that interstate carriers of passengers should throw about all of their patrons, of whatever race or creed or condition, the same sort of protection against intrusion, hindrance, and violence; but unfortunately, this is not the situation as was fully demonstrated in this instance. However, we very much hope that a fair test will be made of this case and that Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom will be completely vindicated by the laws of the country.

The Honorable Archibald H. Grimke, a fearless advocate of the Negro's cause at the present time and a writer of national reputation, commenting on the grave situation at Washington in reference to the Negro, had the tion on the face of the earth. following to say in a recent number of the New York Age:

"We have never heard of any Negro insulting the National colors, although if any class under the flag has had good cause to hate it that class is the race of Colored Americans. For all that they have given that flag of devotion and blood during three wars, that flag gives them in return contempt and neglect and cruel abandonment to their enemies. No word breaks now the monotony of the long record of national and party treachery to this loyal and much oppressed race. In the Constitution of the republic which is on paper the supreme law of the land, they are free and entitled it sounds perfunctory, timid, apoloto American citizenship before the getic, insincere, hypercritical."

law in this boastfully free and Christian country, and yet in practice they are stripped of their rights of citiganic law, are given everywhere through the south inequality before the law instead of the equality, blood-And the flag waves over entitled. them in their wrongs today as it waved over them in their slavery before the war which freed them."

"But the Negro has never insulted the flag nor has he had any wish to insult it, but quite the contrary. He is a strangely faithful man, strangely loyal, strangely devoted. There is something dog-like about his fidelity, about his devotion to a country and party which gives him day after day and year after year contempt for his fidelity, cruelty for his devotion. It seems sometimes that the more he is beaten and oppressed the more he loves the race, the country which so beats and oppresses him. He seems ever ready to crawl while he whimpers in order to lick the hand, the brutal white hand, that smites him again and again until his blood runs down and stains with the barbarity of his wrongs the flag of the most civilized and Christian na-Oh the shame of it, the shame of it all in a land calling itself free, in a land calling itself civilized, in a land calling itself Christian!

"The South has maintained its original ground and every inch of it. The North has shifted its ground, has yielded steadily before the firm, the unbroken front of the South. All along the color line the South has advanced. has gained. All along this line the Afro-American has lost because the North, the rest of the nation, has retired, is in full retreat before the Southern army of invasion and occupation. In the national senate, in the national house, the voice of the radical is silent, the feeble, the uncertain voice of even the moderate is well nigh silent too. And when it is raised

IMMIGRATION AND THE NEGRO.

It has been one of the pleas of southern senators in congress to increase the influx of immigrant Poles. Italians, Swedes, etc., in the United States in order that the South might get a sufficient stock of cheap labor to supplant the Negro. A few weeks ago, the Junior Order of American Mechanics (which controls labor in the North chiefly), sent letters senators in congress stating that if they did not legislate in favor of restricting immigration, their chances for being re-elected to the senate would be seriously menaced. If immigration were decreased, it would mean a serious blow to the senators from the South, whose sole object is to get rid of the Negro. However, in any event, the South would be the one to gain. The South dominates the senate. If the immigration bill were to come up now, southern sentiment would win; if the old senators were not re-elected, the senators from the South would rule the new ones. So far as congress is concerned, dark days for the Negro have come, and the North with tacit consent is allowing the South to have its way. The "laissez faire" policy has been adopted by the North in reference to the Negro, while the South is losing no opportunity to take advantage of northern reticence.

The most recent interview for the South, and defeat for the Negro (for every southern victory means defeat for the Negro), is the establishment of an immigrant station at Galveston. Texas. Already the North has become burdened with cheap immigrant labor. This move is intended to direct the tide of immigration toward the South. Very few refuse Euro- what the South has longed for-it

peans landing at New York or Boston gravitate southward. It is very easy to establish a fruit stand. a bootblack parlor, a barber shop, a shoe shop or push a fruit car or a hurdy gurdy in the North where friends have already located; thus the tendency is to congest in the North while the South remains practically free from these immigrants. North is shifting a burden off its shoulders on the South, which is by no means unwilling to accept the bur-

These laborers compete for the Negroes' positions. Wherever they appear the common Negro day laborer disappears. The Negro barber shop (for white patronage) is fast becoming a nonentity before the tide of Italian immigration. The bootblack parlor is suffering the same fate. while the railroad hands, the street gangs, brick-yard forces, etc., rapidly being supplied with Swedes, Poles and Irish. These people will now invade the very homes of the Negro. The South will have its choice of cheap European labor or that of the despised Negro. In a choice between a white man and a Negro, for the same position, in the South the Negro must suffer, whatever his qualifications. It will not be easy for to replace Negro labor. If the present rate of immigration continues and the station at Galveston receives its shares in a few years the South will be able to do entirely without the Negro. It will be an easy matter to teach these foreigners to pick cotton-when the last exclusive field of the Negro will be lost.

Many times the South has threatened to import foreigners to force out Negro labor. This move on the part of the government will accomplish

will make Negro labor no longer a necessity. The common laborer being forced out of employment, the existence of the professional class will inevitably be undermined. Sooner or later the Negro must turn to some other corner of the earth to work out an existence. Bishop Turner may yet prove a prophet.

NAMING A RACE.

That was really a notable contribution to a discussion of great importance which appeared in the "New York Tribune" of Sunday, June 10th, 1906, on race name. Considering the standing of the entire group of contributors, and the overwhelming preponderance of thoughtful and intelligent opinion favoring the term "Negro" as the only proper name for that branch of the human family descended from the ancient Ethiopians, the discussion may be considered closed.

The editor of Alexander's Magazine was invited to contribute to this symposium and following is what he had to say on the subject:

A very large proportion of the inhabitants of West Africa, South Africa, Brazil, the West Indies, the Cape Verde Islands, Peru, Arabia and fully one-tenth of the United States are distinguished chiefly by one physical characteristic, and that is a dark complexion. There are, it is true, a great variety of shades found among these people, oscilating between black and creamy white, but this question of color of the skin is the chief mark by which the descendants of ancient Ethiopians are differentiated from other races. History, science and philosophy have stamped these peo-We agree fully, ple as Negroes.

ington, that the proper name by which representatives of this race scattered throughout our country, should be designated, is Negroes. Because this term has great historical significance as well as ethnological and philological value, and may yet stand for marvels in achievements in the future not dreamed of by those who would discard it at the present time in favor of more recent inventions. The term "colored" was originally applied to the Negro shortly after the Civil War as a term of derision-an opprobrious epithet the same as "nigger,"while the term "Afro-American" was invented to force the capitalization of our race designation. But now that it is almost universally agreed that the term Negro is the proper name to apply to the people described above, the combination of the political terms "Afro-American" is not needed. Beside, the name Negro is an honorable name. It is the name of one great branch of the human family which has contributed largely to the advancement of civilization.

People of one blood, or a preponderance of one blood, make a race. while people of various races, but of one sentiment, make a nation. There is, perhaps, no instance in history of a race striving to shun itself as is the case with a large element of the Negro race in the United States. When an individual attempts change his name, it is an evidence that he is no longer proud of that name, else he would not care to discard it; and so it must be with a race. Those descendants of Ethiopia scattered throughout the world, but easily designated on account of certain physical characteristics, have always been known in history, in therefore, with Dr. Booker T. Wash- philosophy, in science, and in fiction

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THE AFRO-AMERICAN REALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. Phillp A. Payton, Jr., the general manager of the Afro-American Realty company of New York, sold two of the properties of that company a few days ago and realized a net profit of \$10,000. This amount represents 15 percent of the entire outstanding capital stock of the company. Under the efficient management of Mr. Payton, this organization has accomplished splendid results for race in America's chief metropolis,

BOOK NOTES AND COMMENTS

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The book contains portraits and sketches of 125 distinguished clergymen and bishops of the church and a good story of the work of Bishop Allen and an account of the progress and development of Wilberforce University. It is beautifully printed, is bound in a very substantial manner and ought to have a wide circulation among all classes of our citizens.

American Citizenship. By John S. Wise. Edward Thompson Company, Northport, Long Island, N. Y. 340 Pages. \$3.00.

This book, as its author tells us in his preface, is not intended mainly for a text book and "Key for References," to assist lawyers and teachers of the law in their professions; but it is meant also to tell the average educated layman more of his rights and obligations as an American citizen than he usually knows; both laudable objects and very fairly fulfilled.

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that is new and of value to him in the sections headed Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, Philippine Islands, and Citizenship in our Insular Possessions; and the lawyer and professor of the law will do well to have the book on his shelves, as a compendious and useful work of reference.

The for-many-years vexed question of Dual Allegiance is fairly touched on; and resolved as follows:

"Fortunately, this question in the light of the arbitrament of war, can never recur. Henceforth, it must be conceded that, whenever the two allegiances, Federal and State, of an American citizen, are in apparent conflict, the latter must yield to the former. There can be no such thing, under our system, as allegiance to a state, in conflict with allegiance to Federal government."

Then we come to the still vexed question of the interpretation of the XIV and XV amendments (on which the author's sympathies would appear to be rather with the whites of the South), and find that though the supreme court has often nullified their action as against individuals transgressing them, "the power to legislate against state action has been sustained and, in sundry instances, state action has been nullified."

In the section headed "Reduction of the Representation of the States in Congress" there is much matter only interesting to the professional lawyer, but the broad fact (of which we were most of us aware) is duly emphasized. that, though the XIV and XV amendments do not forbid reasonable educational and property or other restrictions upon suffrage, they do distinctly prohibit the states from denying or abridging the right of suffrage on account of race, color or previous condition; a prohibition of which, during the late epidemic of imperialism, our Caucasian fellow citizens. North and South, have been the better for being reminded.

The Abolitionists. By John F. Hume. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 234 Pages. \$1.35.

The Abolitionists is the work of an old anti-slavery man, who tells us in his book that he "came into the world as this really well written, being read

before Abolitionism by had been heard of: before first Abolition society was ized: before William Lloyd Garrison founded his Liberator, and before (not the least important circumstance) John Quincy Adams entered Congress." He gave his first vote for the ticket of the Abolitionists who were yet a "third" political party. He grew up in full sympathy with their movement.

The author's experiences did not terminate with the early stages of the anti-slavery conflict. During the Civil War he was the political editor of the Missouri Democrat-that stalwart advocate of emancipation in the slave State of Misouri. He was chairman of the Executive Committee of the "Charcoal" (immediate emancipation) organization in that State, which finally made Missouri a free State. He led a contesting delegation. sent by that faction, to the national convention that renominated Lincoln. Such experiences brought him in personal contact with men like Lincoln and Chase and Stanton, in interviews, sometimes attended with humorous incidents that are happily described.

It is quite safe to say that there is no other man now living who can tell the story of the opening struggle between Freedom and Slavery in this country, as reliably and as interestingly as it is told by Mr. Hume.

Mr. John F. Hume has rendered the Negro race an invaluable service by writing this book. He shows that President Roosevelt spoke contemptuously of the abolitionists in his biography of Thomas H. Benton.

It seems just as well that Mr. Hume refrained from publishing that first chapter as a pamphlet, in 1904, for, at that time, the epidemic of imperialism which had seized upon this nation in 1898, had just reached its climax. It would have been useless then to attempt to remind its people of a band of heroic men and women who, two generations ago, had been capable of self-sacrifice for the very simple idea of humanity and justice.

Let us be thankful that there is now a better chance of such a book and inwardly digested! The experience of the last two years, with a chief magistrate in Washington who would be so autocratic as Emperor William of the present day and who has lately shown at least some of the duplicity of the Charles I of long ago, and with insurance and other presidents so imperialistic as to have forgotten the difference between meum and tuum, has opened the eyes of the plain people of this country to the evils of imperialism.

The Abolitionists did nobly in opening eyes of just these people (in the



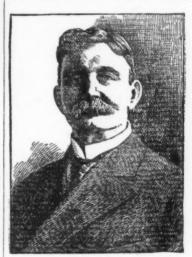
MR. JOHN F. HUME

North and West, and sometimes even in the South), to the evils of slavery, and thereby greatly helping in the formation of the Republican party. This might well have been called by some other name; but when Mr. Hume tells us that if there had been no such party, the Extremists "would have succeeded in abolishing slavery without its assistance" he is more than we realize. He does not, it seems to us, see that many factors were at work to bring about the war, the most potent of which perhaps were the southern arrogance and aggression, an object lesson as to the intolerable state to which slavery, in modern Christian times, lands the slaveholders.

This is not to undervalue what the Abolitionists did and suffered. We all recognize, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt, their awakening and inspiring example; and we may well be thankful to Mr. Hume for the anecdotes which he gives us of noted Abolitionists and of what men and women were willing to do and suffer for an idea, in the days before the war.

The Phantom of the Poles. By William Reed. Walter S. Rockey company, New York. 284 pages. \$1.50.

This is a remarkable book in many respects. It tries to prove something that has never before been attempted. The author undertakes a big proposition and have the utmost confidence in his theory he discusses it with a certain positiveness that wins the reader. This book is founded upon the theory that the earth is hollow,



MR. WILLIAM REED

with openings at the northern and southern extremities.

So many opinions have been advanced about the Aurora Borealis, and the lazy portion of the world's inhabitants accept what everyone else accepts. Mr. Reed—the author—does not agree with those who think that

it is an accumulation of electricity, or magnetic force, around the poles, in great quantities, they say, and He believes that "it is the reflection covers the snow-in many places, upon the clouds, ice, and snow of a black. Nansen wanted to go home on burning volcano, prairie, or forest-fire account of it. The majority of explorin the interior of the earth. The light ers believe that it is, without doubt, shining through smoke, dust, or colored material in the air-such as col- alysed, it contains carbon and iron, ors snow, for instance-would reflect different colors. The flames shoot up, and are sucked, whirled, or blown in all directions. This produces the fan- years. The dust falls densely and conciful movement in the sky."

to each explorer. It falls on the ships dust from a stray comet; when ansupposed to come from some exploding volcano. "Comets only appear." says the author, "once in several tinuously. Could the comets distri-



Bernacchi compared the aurora to bute enough dust to last, say, 10 or the earth from the depths of infinity.

The Innuits, also Explorers, declare "that they heard noises, or puffing sounds from the aurora during a display." This seems to confirm the theory that the aurora is a fire, or volcano in the interior.

The dust in the polar regions has often been a source of great irritation found on the northern sides of the

a great searchlight directed towards 20 years? The explanation is nonsensical, the theory ridiculous. dust comes from the earth, not far from where it is found. When it is understood that the earth is hollow, and the dust comes from the eruption of a volcano in the interior, the puzzle is clearly explained."

"Driftwood and other material

shores bordering the Arctic ocean furnish further proof that the earth is hollow."

Greeley writes that a large coniferous tree-30 inches in circumference, and 30 feet long, was found on a beach. It was cut up for firewood, and a bright, cheery camp-fire gave comfort to the party. Much other driftwood was found near the high water mark.

found to show that they were skilled in building. Sleds were found, sledrunners of bone or wood, and several articles of worked bone were foundof use unknown to the Eskimo guides."

"What produces colored snow in the Arctic?" asks Mr. Reed. "The snow has been analyzed, and the red. green and yellow have been found to contain vegetable matter, presumably This driftwood, Mr. Reed thinks, a flower, or the pollen of a plant. must have come from the interior of Black snow contains carbon and iron,



the earth; as it had open water to drift in and tidal waves to lift it above the high water mark.

Can any one help but be impressed with this conclusion?

Mr. Reed is inclined to believe that other races beside Eskimos dwell in the Arctic regions and interior of the earth and thinks their civilization was "of a low order, as little has been formed?" ask many. Mr. Reed con-

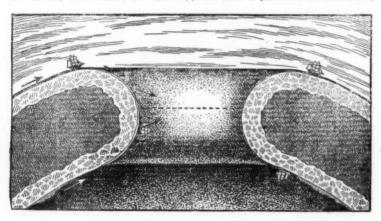
"supposed to come from a volcanic eruption. But whence did it come?" The interior of the earth is the only spot that will furnish us with an answer to the question. The black snow must come from "an exploding volcano-of the kind that covered Nansen's ship with dust."

"How and where are icebergs

tends that they are formed in the interior of the earth, and gives his reasons why: On the other hand he writes that "It is simply out of the question for an iceberg to form in any location yet discovered;" the "inter ior of the earth-back from the mouth of the rivers or canyons-is just suited for the formation of icebergs, as it is warmer there." The mouth freezes first, and the river, continuing to flow into the ocean, overflows the mouth, and freezes for months, time held a pastorate at Heilbronn;

er's interest does not wane from the beginning with Socrates to the conclusion in Rome.

Pfleiderer, the author of Otto "Christian Origins" is a great German Protestant theologian and philosopher and was born near Cannstadt in Wurtemberg on 1st September, 1839. From 1857 to 1861 he studied under Baur at Tubingen, and afterwards studied in England and Scotland. He then entered the church, and for a short



until spring; then, as the warm weath- he became professor of theology at er of summer advances, the bergs are Jena and in 1875 was called to the thawed loose, the water from the chair of systematic theology at Berrains in the interior rushes down, the lin, having made his name by a series bergs "are shoved into the ocean."

Take it all and all, Mr. Reed has written a book that will interest thousands of curious people. He is well read, a close observer and is thoroughly scientific and will win many friends to his viewpoint.

Christian Origins. By Otto Pfleiderer, D. D. B. W. Huebsch, New York. 295 Pages, \$1.75.

Professor Otto Pfleiderer of the Berlin university enriches theological literature with a much-needed volume. The strands of thought which, through more than four centuries of curious interweaving, combine to make up the history of the teachings of Christianity, he has presented in a the books relating to them to an unclear and succinct style. The read-compromising though not unsympa-

of articles on New Testament criticism and Johannine and Pauline theology, which appeared in Hilgenfeld's Zeitschrift wissenschaftliche fur Theologie, and by his "Der Paulinismus," published in 1873. "Das Urchristentum" was published in 1887, and in 1890, "The Development of Theology since Kant, and its Progress in Great Britain since 1825," which was written for publication in England. Kant's essay "Was ist klarung?" is taken as the program of the task to which German philosophy has devoted itself since his day.

As might be expected, the lecturer submits the life and work of the founders of the Christian religion, and



DR. OTTO PFLEIDERER

not what has been, but what is the first one who dared to apply to eternal!"

historical, and he has therefore to re- in his recognition of the moral greatmind the social-evolutionists of the ness of Jesus; but whose sober and present day that "the impulse to the upright sense of truth did restrain formation of the Christian congrega- him from the romantic deification of tion-can be found only in the per- the person of Jesus and his segregason, the life and the death of Jesus. tion from all historical conditions and At the same time he acknowledges limitations."

thetic analysis, the thought always uppermist in his mind being "that the redinand Christian Baur, the found-real subject of our pious belief is er of the Tubingen school, who "was the history of Christianity the thought Dr. Pfleiderer's viewpoint is purely of 'evolution,'-who was most hearty

Of Jesus and his teaching he says "He won the hearts of many, because he brought them a great heart, rich in love and in mercy. His sermon was not the old, dry-as-dust wisdom of the scribes. It was the immediate expression of his own heart, firm faith and warm with love, and therefore his words became the joyous message of salvation for all the enslaved and oppressed, the weary and the heavy laden. In Jesus' soul there was neither fear nor hatred, but merciful Tove suffused it-drawn most strongly to those who needed help. and therefore did not shrink with pride from the direct misery of sin and guilty, but sought to heal it and dared to conquer it."

The book is to be recommended to any heathen philosopher in the act of making his first acquaintance Christianity; and it will leave any sincere Christian, of whatever denomination, who may come to read it, with a feeling of respect and love for its author, whatever he may think of

his orthodoxy.

SECOND BOYHOOD.

By a Septuagenarian.

You have all heard of Second Childhood. Many of you who are "getting on in life" wonder perhaps whether you will have to pass through that stage, and if so what it will be like to feel infantile again once more, and be conscious that the grown-ups look upon you as a creature to be tolerated and taken care of, and the real children of the family regard you as a nondescript, rather detrimental than otherwise.

Few of you however, I reckon, have brought home to yourselves the joy and glory of the intermediate stage, for any he-creature (I refrain from speaking for the sex afflicted with a New England conscience!) for any hecreature, that is, with pleasant belongings and a fair digestion; the stage namely of Second Boyhood, which should begin for him just at the age which that pessimistic old David considered the limit of normal, or at any rate desirable, life.

to pass that, not so very long after the days of that king's patriarch-ancestors (whom he must have believed to have lived to be several hundred years old), he should have come to regard three score years and ten as the age after which life on earth, if prolonged at all, must be painful and grievous, through a few troublesome years. Perhaps, if he had contented himself with one wife he would have looked upon life from a different point of view. Be that as it may, we must surely be thankful that we live in times when all those queer old notions have been changed, for all those of us at least who are in the habit of looking life straight in the face and making the best of it!

For such, when they arrive at that time of life, always providing that they have the pleasant belongings and good digestion aforesaid, life becomes best worth living: the cares and responsibilities of middle age can be shifted on to the shoulders of sons and nephews, and a good holiday time be begun, with something of the recklessness of an "abbot of mis-rule," among the grandsons and daughters, or grand-nephews and nieces, as the case

may be.

How all this comes home to an ancient party at this time of year! right through, from the time when the purple maple blossom bursts upon him, to that when he throws himself on his back with his head close to the bed of lilies of the valley and looks up into the glorious pink and white of the over-hanging apple tree, till he can bear it no longer and jumps up and snaps his fingers at the "wild freshness of morning."

THERE AND HERE.

(By David MacJon.)

Within thirteen months of each other, two magazine articles have appeared, one "The White Man's Burden at Home" by Mr. Sidney Oliver, a gentleman who has been for nearly twenty years in the administration of the British West Indian Colonies, other "Reflex Light from Africa" by Charles Francis Adams, the son of our minister to England during the It is idle to speculate how it came war, who bore the same name.

seen, contains statements and opinions on subjects of vital importance to all, black, white, or of any other color who are interested in the future of the English speaking race in this country.

It should be said that Mr. Oliver speaks especially of Jamaica, in which island he has been both colonial secretary and governor. He tells us: "Visitors from England as well as from America have frequently asked me how we of Jamaica confront this or that problem or difficulty connected with the intermixture of races which is causing or threatening perplexity in the United States. On such occasions. I have found myself, as a British West Indian, unable to account for an attitude of mind toward the race question which impressed me as superstitious if not hysterical, and which would appear from the tone of the Southern press to prevail widely in America.'

Later on in the article Mr. Oliver unwittingly accounts in a great measure for the "attitude of mind" which has surprised him. He says that "the political conditions under which the African stock has developed during the past forty years in the United States are very different from those which have obtained in Jamaica or any other British colony. Emancipation in the West Indies preceded that revolution in the United States by a period of a generation"; and that last fact no doubt accounts for the optimism of the Briton and the pessimism of the Yankee (as will be seen later on) when approaching the same subject.

Mr. Oliver, after conceding that in Jamaica, as elsewhere, condescension and assumption on the part of the white might be met with "impudence or sauciness" on that of the colored man or boy, says squarely, "The good manners of the African race as exhibited and experienced in Jamaica are a very valuable social quality, and it would be a great loss to the community of the United States if such a quality should be destroyed by social antagonism."

And now we come to the subject which has been the alleged cause of agree with Mr. Oliver, who concludes:

Each of these articles, as will be the lynching atrocities, the disgrace for now many years of these "free" and so-called Christian United States: "The fact is that in the British West Indies assaults by black or colored men on white women or children are practically unknown. I say this as an administrator familiar with the judicial statistics, as a resident familiar with all parts of Jamaica and all classes of its population, as the head of a household of women and girls who have frequented the suburbs of Kingston and lived for weeks and months in remote country districts with neither myself nor any other white man within call. Any resident in Jamaica will tell the same story. A young white woman can walk alone in the hills or to Kingston, in daylight or dark, through populous settlements of exclusively black and colored folk, without encountering anything but friendly salutation from man or woman."

> A country has just the Hebrew and colored folk that it deserves. So, when we have digested the last statement we are not surprised at Mr. Oliver's telling us, after premising that "a democratic representative constitution based on manhood suffrage would not be for the advantage of any class in any British West dian Community." that, "when we (West Indians) have property franchises and education tests we work them with absolute fairness between white and black. Such tests are applied in some states of America, but the exclusion of the white voter, it would seem, cannot be faced. We should face it, if necessary. The average English or Irish voter is not such a perfect political animal that we should impute any saving wisdom to his color. If the average colored man in a particular status cannot be trusted with the franchise under democratic institutions, and it is expedient that his citizenship should be regulated, the parallel disfranchisement of the white must be accepted." Sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander in short; and that is all any reasonable man asks for in this particular.

And for the rest; we can cordially

"My comparison of conditions in the Repubic and in the West Indies has brought out the conviction that no solution of color difficulties can be found except by resolutely turning the back to the color line and race differentiation theory." So much for the Briton's view of the situation.

Now for that of the New Englander. The "Reflex Light" which Mr. Adams thinks that he has obtained "From Africa" comes, it should be said, almost entirely from one morning spent by that gentleman in February, 1905, at Omdurman, a native town, "the former capital of the Mahdi and the Califa," not far from Khartoum and the junction of the Blue and White affluents of the Nile.

In speaking of Khartoum, Mr. Adams tells us that twenty years of British rule have converted it from a "miserable, filthy and unhealthy spot-a human hell," into a winter haunt of tourists with a good hotel. "a remarkably clean, well-ordered, embryotic European municipality," while Omdurman, whose inhabitants are exclusively native, is all that Khartoum used to be, only more so.

That one morning's visit to a native town on the vast continent of Africa should have caused such a revulsion in the mind and sentiments of an up-to-that-time sympathetic white citizen of the United States of America, is what strikes the unprejudiced reader as most remarkable in this ar-Assuming even that all African towns and villages, inhabited by black folk, are as backward as Omdurman, he cannot but exclaim, with Pooh Bah in The Mikado, that the fact "has nothing to do with the case!"

There is no such thing as a purely African village, not to say town, in this country; very few indeed of us North or South, can claim to be of unmixed African blood: and even these, in spite of the penalties and trials of their present environment, would not, if they could return to such a pig pen as that which has so shocked Mr. Adams.

But it is a little disheartening, for a moment, to find a man of Mr. Adams' blood and antecedents throwing up the sponge, as he does when he tells us that "the white man and the black man cannot flourish together, the latter being considerable in number, under the same system of government," and that "we can neither assimilate nor repel the Negro who squats at our hearthstone.'

Oh, cheer up Mr. Adams! The Negro didn't come to squat at your Your remote forefathers hearthstone. dragged him hither across the Atlantic, to do work which they couldn't do themselves or get the American red man to do: and the Negro did it. and got the best part of education in doing it; and the conscience of your immediate forebears made them free him; and now you have to deal with his descendants, of very various and-well, shades; don't despair of country, but take your next train to Hampton or Tuskegee, and after a week or so of prayerful study there, come back to Boston a pessimist on this question if you can!

It need only be added that, under the headings "San Domingo Egypt" and "The Philippines," Mr. Adams gives us as creed of very sound doctrine; for, without question, it is 'up to us" to see that law and order are maintained in San Domingo and the Philippines, and to hit off, as England has done in the case of Egypt, some plan of "veiled protectorate" which will enable us to leave the peoples of those countries whose genius customs and way of looking at things differ so widely from our own, to paddle their own little lawful canoes, and yet keep off any European paws which may be itching to take them by their necks.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow If you listen to all that is said as you

go:

You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew.

For meddlesome tongues will have something to do,

For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed

That your humble position is only assumed:

You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,

But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,

For people will talk.

If generous and noble they'll vent out their spleen,

You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;

If upright and honest, and fair as the day,

They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneering way,

For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart

Or a slight inclination to take your own part,

They will call you an upstart conceited and vain;

But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain, For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress or old-fash-

ioned your hat, Someone will surely take notice of

And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,

But don't get excited whatever they say,

For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,

For they criticise then in a different shape,

You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;

But mind your own business, there's naught to be made, For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to trot as you please,

For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease,

Of course you will meet with all kinds of abuse,

But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use,

For people will talk.

He—What a dear old fool your father is, to be sure.

She (quite startled)—Good heavens, Charlie, has he given his consent to our marriage?

IN NATURE'S HARMONIES.

By Perry Marshall.

Thou Cosmic Power, expectantly 1 wait,

Intently listening, wishing for thy voice,

I early listen, listen long and late, And lone and silent while all worlds rejoice.

My harp awaits, by the sad willows swung,

Awaits the zephyr-motions of thy breath,

Till it shall touch with music that still tongue,

Whose songless silence symbolizes death.

That breath of life comes moving with the morning,

With balm fresh from the garden of the gods,

Where it had lain 'mong roses whose adorning,

Was loveliness extracted from the sods.

From soil and sunshine, when they meet together,

And mingle mists arising from the dew,

Fanned by the soft winds from the distant heather,

Arise sweet fragrance and the dainty
hue.

And I await the zephyr's songful laughter,

When sun and soil and rain, shall meet hereafter.

POETRY IS SORROW'S SONG.

By Perry Marshall.

How the heart with hunger crieth, In its land time of dearth, When all bloom of beauty dieth, When love blossoms not o'er earth!

'Twas when sorrow's desolation, Had made Shakespeare's soul divine, That it sought the consolation, Pouring out its woes in wine.

Thus his sonnet songlets wrote he, And his tragedies of power,

With grief's fingers swiftly smote he, And his harp sang many an hour. Song has sought in all the ages. Souls by sorrow's power compressed, And with wisdom of all sages. That its soul might be expressed,

Call the roll, name every poet, All from Homer blind we'll know it.

MAY THIRTIETH.

By Ralph W. Taylor.

The sweetest flowers of spring-time fair.

Lilac blooms and roses rare, And tear drops too, from saddened eves.

Cover grave where soldier lies.

Seared and battered, around they stand.

Frosted locks and palsied hand, Heads uncovered, bowed in prayer-Comrades left of soldier there.

A LETTER TO HIS LADY.

By Perry Marshall.

(From the Roumanian.)

Blessed and Beautiful Lady:

So sweet and divine a soul deserves Dat freely so de worl' might see. every devotion that ever can find it | He'd be a man if he was free. and help it.

In being simply yourself, with no He went a-fightin' for de Flag. effort at perfection, you please the powerful and command men's admira-

If ever any find fault with you, it can only come from the irritation of excessive concern and devotion. I have heard the sweet music of your dear voice, spontaneous and unattempted on your part, in speech and in song, so naturally pleasing that you need make no effort ever to please, but know that the sacredness of your soul, whether you will it or not, beams forth in beauty's blessedness. Holy indeed, must such a soul be; and holiness, it is ever my privilege in silence to worship. I have even felt the Ag'in' de Mawser bullets' rain gracious and tender touch of your An' sung while climbin' San Wan most gentle hand, and its blessed thrill even now fills my being with "Dere'll be a hot time here tonight."

earnest and anxious vibrations. I have seen in your darling eyes the loveliest light ever lifted on an adorer; and in your fine features a view of real heaven has been opened to my gaze. The grace of your unmeasured movements excel all but the almost excessive grace of your form and features. May my testimony assist in preserving your loveliness long, though you never may know me, and though I must suffer much torture forever far from you.

FIGHTIN' FOR DE FLAG.

By E. A. Long.

Dere's people says we's got no right To he'p dis country in a fight: 'Cause we don' git p'tected in De laws we he'ps dem to defen'. But when de war is onst declared It all ways fin's us all prepared To shoulder musket, strap an' bag An' go a-fightin' for de Flag.

De time when Englan' meddled us, An' tried so hard to pick a fuss: Aldo de Negro was a slave, Had nothin' but his life, he gave An' tho' he didn' have a rag

An' in de late onpleasantness Betwix' de Norf an' Souf, I guess De Negro played a man's own part, Equal in jestice an' in heart To dem who 'g'in' his freedom fought As who his freedom dearly bought. His love for Massa did not lag But he was faithful to de Flag.

An' when de Spanyards sunk de Main An' we Declared a war wid Spain, It was de membahs of my race Dat ast to take de hardes' place. We fit on Santy Argo's Plain, height

We's fought as slaves, we's fought But we's a-comin', dat's a fac' when free

An' now it showly seems to me

Who spilt his blood in a country's cause.

Should git protection from her laws: But 'stead o' dis we's made to feel. Our neck's beneaf de white man's heel An' he a-tryin' at ev'ry roun' To fin' new ways to keep us down.

Dere ain't no way to keep us back; For right is right an' in de en' Since God is God, de right will win, We'll bear you' persecutions glad, We know our patience makes you mad. Of dis we're proud enough to brag.

We've ne'er been traitor to de' Flag.

Charles Francis Adams and the American Negro

(From The Public)

Adams had been classed as a humanitarian, believing in the equality of ty. human rights regardless of race, and be admits a considerable indulgence in this brotherly theory in the past; but since his visit to Omdurman he has yielded to ethnological "science," and sneers at such philanthropical theories as rot-"all 'rot.' "

Naturally enough, Mr. Adams's recantation is exploited with much satisfaction in every quarter, North as well as South, where the "scientific" theory of the "white man's burden" Consequently the American Negro is again forced to his defence on the question of equal rights before the law in the land of his nativity-and this time by an unexpected prosecutor.

It is no light thing under any circumstances to bring even an individual to the bar of judgment on a question involving so much of all that goes to make human life human. when a whole race is indiscriminately attacked on the issue of equal legal rights, and the circumstances are as they are in this country, and the Mr. Adams justifies his conclusion that the American Negro is inherent whole

In telling in the Century for May | a brother man and fellow citizen enof a visit to the Soudan, Mr. Charles titled to equal legal rights, he is Francis Adams announces an opinion guilty, in view of the baffling circumregarding the American Negro which stances against which so many Amerhas excited especial attention because ican Negroes are at this time braveit is in the nature of recantation. Mr. ly, patiently and successfully struggling, of an act of unpardonable cruel-

In considering the basis of truth for Mr. Adams's' recantation. thoughtful reader will wonder that Mr. Adams should have gone to Omdurman for his reasons for degrading American Negroes like Mr. Washington, Prof. Du Bois, Prof. Miller. Dr. Hall, and thousands upon thousands of others who differ from these only in being less distinguished in reputa-There is some force in what southern newspapers say in welcoming this recantation, that Mr. Adams need not have postponed revising his views until he went to Omdurman, for he could have found his ethnological material in the southern states of his own country. It has at least this much of force, that if the American Negro is in truth inherently unfit for equal rights before the law, the proof of it could have been found nearer home than Omdurman, and longer ago by a man of Mr. Adams's opportunities. Indeed, one might reasonably suppose that the human attributes of the American Negro source of attack is such as this, it is could be studied to much better adtoo little to say that the attack should vantage among the millions of that not have been lightly made. Unless race in this country than in the streets of Omdurman, or even in the expanse of Africa. ly inferior and dependent, a subject Adams's "scientific" method would, it for indefinite paternalism instead of would seem, take him to a Russian

conclusive ethnological studies of the Jewish bankers of Wall street.

But he explains that the humanitarian scales fell from his eyes at Omdurman because it was there that in visiting "the blackman in his house," the place of the highest point of development of any African race, he found no evidence whatever of any inherent power o' development. The Negro "in his own house" has never invented anything, says Mr. Adams; and from this negation he infers that the development of Negroes in a white man's environment is not from inherent power but from association with white men. Consequently he concludes that the Negro is racially and therefore permanently inferior to the white man, and that "contact with the white man is necessary to keep him from retrogression." It is upon this conclusion that his recantation rests. We ought to have dealt with the American Negro, he now confesses, "not as a political equal," but as "a ward and dependent, firmly but in a spirit of kindness and absolute jus-Recognizing the impossibility of such a policy, however, both at the time of emancipation and ever since, even no., Mr. Adams does not propose it as a policy; but he does adopt it as a theory, and he goes so far as cautiously to suggest the possibility of its being "slowly and tentatively approximated" in practice.

Observe how utterly flimsy is Mr. Adams's reason for his proposed degradation of millions of his own countrymen. The natives of the country of their origin never invented anything!

And pray what did Mr. Adams himself ever invent? He could reply, of course, that he is not considering individuals but a race. But races are composed of individuals, and it is individuals indiscriminately that he proposes to degrade. If invention be the test of inherent power of development in a race, it is the test in individuals. If non-inventive races will deteriorate out of contact with an inventive race, then non-inventive individuals will deteriorate out of contact with inventive individuals. If Negroes are

village to make comprehensive and inferior because they don't invent. then Mr. Adams is inferior because he doesn't invent.

> Right here is the nub of the whole question as Mr. Adams presents it. Advanced forms of invention do not spring from inherent race powers as Mr. Adams infers. They result from the utilization of accumulated knowledge by individuals who acquire that knowledge from predecessors or associaates. This is not a matter of race power. All men of all races are inherently inventive. The inventive faculty is what distinguishes man from the animal. And notwithstanding that Mr. Adams says the Negroes of Africa do not invent, they do invent. In the direction and up to the limit of their desires and their accumulated knowledge they are as inventive as other races. Mr. Adams himself concedes enough for this inference, for he acknowledges their powers of elementary invention-language equal to their uses, and weapons adequate to cope with their accustomed enemies.

> Excite his desires in any direction, and open the doors to the reservoir of accumulated knowledge, and the Negro will invent in that direction; deaden the desire in the white man and close the reservoir to him, and he too will invent only in the most elementary way. If the desires of the African Negro do not awaken to the civilization of the white man, the reason is plain enough without sorting to Mr. Adams's assumption that the Negroes are inherently inferior. We have only to ask how the white man's civilization has come to him, and in our answer we have the reason.

> That shrinking from innovations, especially those from foreign sources, is a trait of human nature and not of any particular race nature, we have abundant evidence. Add to this universal repugnance to innovation, the repugnant methods by which the desires and the knowledge of the white man have been thrust at the black man "in his own house" in Africa, and we get an ample explanation of the African Negro's repulsion to the white man's civilization.

But conditions with the American

cumstances are present here to excite in him those desires for knowledge and its uses that stimulate inherent powers of invention and make them And such is the result. effective. The American Negro's ambition to excel in the civilized arts and sciences. his thirst for the knowledge necessary to excellence, his industry and patience and aptitude in acquiring it, and his skill in using it, are pronounced traits of his character.

Mr. Adams has observed that this is true of Negro children, and he revives the old notion that it is true of Negroes only in childhood. Quoting another writer without criticism he implies that at the end of childhood. the mental expansion of the American Negro ceases. But this notion is not true. Over and over again it has been disproved; and of all men Mr. Adams is one of the last to be fairly excused for not knowing it. Suppose, however, that it had not been disproved, or suppose it were observable in a number of cases so vast as to make the others seem like exceptions. Yet the true explanation would be much more obtrusive in open minds than the inferiority explanation which Mr. Adams adopts. If the Negro child who excels the white child of similar age does not expand in mind as his body grows, we need go no farther for a sufficient explanation than to the fact that at the age at which the white child begins to excel the Negro. the Negro has begun to learn that the door of opportunity which opens freely to white men is slammed in the face of black men. In these circumstances it is not merely Negro nature to give up in despair, it is human na-Only the exceptional men of any race persist; and to this excentional class the American Negro is contributing his quota.

What the American Negro needs in order to prevent his retrogression from the white man's civilization is and the men alike, or the men alike not contact with the white man neces. and the blood different. But those sarily, but opportunity to acquire and ethnological "scientists" who would utilize the accumulated knowledge of measure legal differences in the rights the white man's civilization. And that of man by differences in racial blood, is precisely what the white man also should first show that the racial difneeds. In this sense, and only in this ferences in blood actually exist.

Negro are wholly different. The cir- sense, is the American Negro dependent upon the white race, a dependency which is shared with him by the American white man. Every individual, white or black, is as dependent as every other upon those who have gone before in the same civilization for accumulated knowledge, and upon one another for its acquisition and cooperative utilization. Discourage the acquisition of knowledge by redhaired persons, and close to them the door of opportunity for its utilization. and you would soon find bright-minded boys with red hair falling behind duller-minded boys with hair of another color. Close the doors of opportunity to any considerable proportion of the white race, and in a few generations you would have a thriftless, sodden and non-inventive class of whites, who would seem to any man of the "scientific" spirit for which Mr. Adams has dropped his humanitarianism, like a species without inherent powers of development.

This recantation by Mr. Adams proceeds upon the theory of differences in human blood. It is a curious thing that your sticklers for the "scientific" method in ethnology are always so prone to neglect 'he very first demand that genuine science makes upon theorists whose hypotheses rest upon differences in racial blood, which is that they shal, first prove the difference.

It has been written that all races were created of one blood, and this statement has withstood the assaults of scientific investigation. Though hunan blood has been scientifically distinguished from the blood beasts, the blood of races is one blood, so far as science knows. Send the blood of a Negro and the blood of a white man to the ablest specialist and he cannot tell you which is the white man's and which the Negro's. It might make no difference if he could. The blood might be different

theory is that a sociological metaphor has been made to do duty for a physiological fact. We used to hear of "blue blood," and in such uses as to imply that individuals of the patrician class actually have a different hued blood from individuals of the plebeian class, and of course a superior blood. This sort of distinction is now generally understood in its application to persons of the same race as a mere metaphor; but as an excuse for justifiving race distinctions it has come to be quite "scientific." Yet as with different classes of the same race, so with different races, the blood allusion is legitimate only as a metaphor.

Somewhat 88 individual life is maintained by the blood of the human body, so the life of a civilization is maintained by the blood of that civilization. But the blood of a civilization, of a nation, or of a race. courses through no individual veins and arteries. It is not composed of physical corpuscles. Perhaps the thing that best answers to the metaphorical allusion is language; for it is by means of language that customs, institutions, habits of thought, standards of taste and ethics, together with all the other characteristics of a civilization, are preserved, developed, and segregated from those of other civilizations. The wider the geographical area of a language, the wider the geographical extent of the civilization which that language vivifies. The easier the transition of human thought from that language to others, the better the assimilation of the civilizations they respectively represent. The more difficult this transition, the greater the tendency to divergence. whether the divergence be on different lines of progress or in the opposite directions of progression and retrogression.

In some such metaphorical use of the distinction all will doubtless agree that the blood of some nations and races is inferior to that of others. But this means no more essentially than manners, customs, moral standards and habits of thought of some national or race groups are in-

The truth about the blood-difference forior to the manners, customs, moral standards and habits of thought of others. It does not mean that the individual citizens of the inferior nations or the individual members of the inferior race groups are inherently incapable of participating in the advantages and contributing to maintenance and promotion of the civilization of the superior nations or groups. Such participation and co-operation are entirely possible.

At any rate the burden rests upon those who dispute it, to make out their case with better proof than Adams advances as the reason his retraction of a lifelong belief in fundamental humanities. prove inherent incapacity in civilized individuals whose ancestors belonged to groups having inferior customs, it is not enough to prove that these groups are primitive. It must proved that those individuals are incompetent.

In giving publicity to his carelessly conceived retrogression in thought and spirit with reference to a large body of his fellow men who are also his fellow countrymen, Mr. Adams has done a cruel wrong that he may not live long enough to repair. has added the prestige of his family name, the power of his personal influence, and the force that always goes with recantation, to the obstacles which scores upon scores of thousands of American Negroes are struggling to overcome and which narrow-minded white men meanly put in

That he should have added thus to the unnatural difficulties with which the American Negro has to contend, would have been above criticism had his reasons possessed genuinely scientific or logical value. The truth as one sees it should be told, when it is of great importance, even though the telling of it adds burdens to the burdened. But Mr. Adams gives no reasons that have not been worn threadbare in the service of the advocates of human slavery. His reasons have been discredited, moreover, in the progress of human freedom at every advance in the recognition of equality of human rights.

STORY OF SELF-MADE MAN

BY ROBERT W. TAYTOR

Everybody in Worcester knows chance he landed in Worcester, Mass. name. Just plain Christopher Bryintelligent withal. He has a passion for newspapers, which his estimable wife reads to him. While he is drinking his coffee at 6 o'clock in the morning he listens to the reading of the morning paper. As soon as supper is over he is eager to hear the news in the evening paper. From four to six Boston and New York papers are purchased by him each Sunday, and if no one can be drafted into service to him he sits read them for for hours speculating as to the message they contain by critiexamining the accompanying illustrations. His intellect is very alert and his memory is wonderfully retentive. I have known him for nearly ten years, and he frequently reminds me that I read to him a certain item of news last century. Of course I have to take his word for it.

Christopher Bryant was born a slave in North Carolina in the early forties. From his earliest recollection until the time of his escape to the Union lines in 1862 his life was a hard and unhappy one. He never recalls those ante-bellum days without a feeling of intense bitterness. In deference to his feelings I shall not here portray the unspeakable cruelties which he suffered as a slave, but shall confine myself to his life as a freedman.

dred dollars by dipping turpentine. This sum of money, the largest he had ability he possesses in an eminent de-North to realize them. By some run without them.

Christopher Bryant. He is honest, in 1863, with a few dollars in his capable and thoroughly reliable.
There is no "Honorable," "Colonel,"
"Doctor," or "Professor" before his cance of being a free man dawned upon him. He soon learned that he ant-that is all. He cannot even read was free to care for himself or starye. and write his name, but he is fairly Self-preservation dictated the former course, so he started out in search of employment. Shop after shop was stormed, but no (negro) help was needed. This was kept up day after day until every shop in the city was applied to for a job, and he was mercifully given a trial in the last one on the list.

In this shop he established his reputation as a skilful, capable and reliable workman, and after a stay of about four years with his first employer, J. P. French, he went to the shop of a Mr. Rice for whom he worked 28 years-until the death of Mr. Rice and the closing down of the shop. While working for Mr. Rice a very ingenious and useful chisel was invented by Mr. Bryant, from the sale of which was realized a snug sum of money. Though all of his fellow workmen were of the opposite race this invention put him in the very front rank of them, and but for his inability to read he would have been made foreman of his division.

When his old employer died and his firm went out of business Christopher Bryant did not have to walk from shop to shop in quest of a job, for work was immediately offered him at the Bradley car shops, where he is working now and where he is under contract to work for the next five years. During all of these years Mr. While he was with the Union sol- Bryant has not had one day's vacadiers he earned more than one hun- tion, nor has he reported for work one minute late. Efficiency and reliever had, made him see visions and gree, and he believes that no individdream dreams, and he set out for the ual or race can succeed in the long

but also a good carpenter and a first- friend reads to him, converses with class cabinet maker. The three-tene- him or listens to his quaint reminisment house, a cut of which is shown cences he looks as though every dison this page, was built under his sup- tressing care was shut out and only ervision and the first tenement, which joy reigned within. is occupied by himself and wife, bears elequent testimony to his skill as an but he is in comfortable circumartistic carved tables, desks, flower stands be miserable if he were idle, not beand picture frames are in evidence, cause he has to do it to keep the Only two parts of this well-appointed "wolf from the door." He attributes

Not only is Mr. Bryant a machinist, | revolving chair while his wife or some

Mr. Bryant is not a wealthy man wood-worker. Beautifully stances. He works because he would



MR. CHRISTOPHER BRYANT'S RESIDENCE AT WORCESTER, MASS.

ever, and they are the cellar and his "den." To many of his friends the cellar is very desirable for the reason that it contains wines of the rarest vintage. They vary in colors from crystal to ruby, and I have been informed by one who is supposed to know that their quality is unsurpassed. Brethren, don't get excited when I say that he has been making wines for more than 20 years and that he has samples of the oldest brands. In this same cellar, after many painstaking experiments, he discovered his famous "water-bug destroyer," the recipe for which he sold Bryant, because of the terrible handifor a handsome sum. The "den" is a veritable "curiosity shop," but when trayed into paying \$25 for the use of he withdraws thereto and sits in his \$75 for two months, but not so now.

home see much of Mr. Bryant, how- his success almost wholly to the never-failing sympathy of his wife whom he married more than 30 years age and who still lives to add comfort and cheer to his declining years. She is most affable in her manner and has a host of friends. Nature endowed her with a voice of rare range and sweetness, and if in her younger days she had been put under some singing master, today she would not be the faintest star in the firmament of prima donnas. This artistic leaning has not spoiled her for the practical affairs of life, for her business sense is very well developed. Time was when Mr. cap which illiteracy imposed, was be-

Before making any step he consults brought my wife when she was a her. In fact, she is the business end bride. of the firm. She collects the rents, makes the bank deposits, hears the grievances of the tenants and otherwise relieves her husband of much. even of the money which he earns week after week.

They are proud of their home and take the greatest interest in it. Not long ago a very flattering offer was oh, well, I just couldn't think of leavmade him to sell, but he declined. ing my old home; it would break my Said he: "I could sell this place and heart." And the peculiar quiver of live on my other piece of property, his voice made me feel that he meant but this is the house to which I it.

It had only four rooms then, but through her help I have enlarged it so that it now 21 rooms. Every inch of this ground is precious to me because of the trials I passed through while buying it. Could have sold it when I was hard up for money, but would not. Now,

Camp School For Young Men

BY R. W. THOMPSON

most beautiful in the world, rivalling the sublime vistas of Switzerland. The enterprise is called "A Cadet ties for a number of years, but the Negro boy has been denied such privileges all along on account of race preto those of the whites in which he might manage to stick his head, only to be shamefully snubbed. The idea of establishing a Cadet Camp School for the summer instruction of boys, where the whole man might be invigorated and cared for morally, physically and mentally, in a wholesome environment and under rigid military discipline, originated with Capt jumping, fencing, boxing, baseball,

The Negro youth of the land is to George J. Austin, for several years ashave a miniature West Point this sistant commandant, drill master and summer. An admirable site has been disciplinarian at Tuskegee institute. secured after much negotiation near Capt. Austin was a lieutenant in the Stony Hollow, New York, four miles volunteer army during the Spanishwest of Kingston, and just an hour American war, and having had amile and a half's ride from the metropolis, experience in the details of manliness This picturesque location is at the and perfect health himself, he is pec :southern gateway of the historic Cat-liarly fitted for the training of boys skill mountains, made memorable by and setting them an inspiring examthe legends of Washington Irving. ple in soldierly conduct, which, trans-The scenery is said to be among the lated freely, means order, system, obedience, self-respect and moral restraint. Having had personal charge of upwards of 1000 boys at Tuskegee, Camp School," and is the first and hailing from every quarter of the only one of its kind ever inaugurated globe, he knows them like a book, and in this country where a colored boy is therefore prepared to enter sympamay be made welcome. The better thetically into their lives, their aspiclass of whites, especially in the rations, their sports and their needs, north, have enjoyed such opportuni- Accommodations have been provided for only 40 boys, and they are to be selected with the greatest care from the best families, so that the associjudice and the great expense attached ations during the term cannot be other than of a most elevating character. The school opens June 15 and closes September 15-covering exactly three months-and the course includes instruction in English, history, mathematics, the classics, elocution, geo!ogy, biology and nature study. athletic training will be of especial interest. It will include

tennis, rifle practice, field drill, horseback riding, swimming, and cross-country excursions. The boys will live in tents, and subsist on simple health-giving food. The faculty is made up of graduates of the foremost institutions of learning, each teacher being an acknowledged specialist in his particular line. Among the best known of the instructors are



CAPTAIN GEO. J. AUSTIN

George D. Jenifer, Thomas E. Owens, Charles Winter Wood, John W. Hubert, all of Tuskegee, and Prof. John W. Work of Fisk university. The latter will direct the music in addition to his routine in history and the classics, and college glees and folk-songs will be highly enjoyable features of the curriculum. The students rendezvous at the Grand Central depot, New York, June 12, and proceed to the camp. Capt, Austin's experiment ought to be a signal success, to the end that he may be encouraged to make it a permanent retreat for the protection of our boys during the monotonous and oftimes critical summer months, when idleness is apt to lead to crime or dissolute habits.

Letters from Prof. John Uri Lloyd announce his detention, together with Mr. William Jenniugs Bryan and his Smyrna would be much alarmed. Fin-

family, in a quarantine camp in the desert five miles from Suez, on the Suez Capal.

Prof. Lloyd has been in Aden, a port at the southern extremity of Arabia, where he had been studing drug conditions, and was returning by the English steamer Persia to Smyrna, where he had left his family with Prof. Thomas H. Norton He writes:

THE SUEZ QUARANTINE.

In Camp, Sahara Desert, April 9th, 1906.

When a man travels in the tropics, he meets conditions that sometimes abort all his calculations. One of them has much disturbed my plans.

Having gone down to the lower point of Arabia, to the port of Aden, I made a satisfactory study of the drug prolucts and of coffee. Then I proposed to return by the English steamer Persia, to Port Said. But when I reached the steamer where she cast anchor. about half a mile out in the harbor, I was delayed at the ladder, and held for about an hour. The officials seemed to question my entrance. At last I was admitted, and soon was sailing up the Red Sea. It is about two thousand miles from Aden to Port Said. Nothing transpired, so far as I knew, until we reached Suez, which lies at the southern entrance to the Suez canal. Here the ship was arrested by the quarantine officials, and we were soon aware that we were quarantine prisoners. It seems that the ship was infected with bubonic plague. man had died and been thrown overboard, a fact that I had not learned. Three men were down with the plague. These men were taken off at Suez and the ship fumigated. The quarters of the afflicted were thoroughly renovated, and all the garments of the crew superheated in steam. Then we were informed that no passengers would be permitted to land at Port Said. We must stick to the ship bound for London. This disturbed me very much. because, aside from the dislike of a plague-infected ship, my family in

ally, on consultation, it was decided that we might land at Suez, and go into the quarantine station, remaining there until all fear of the plague had passed. At midnight we were loaded, with our luggage, onto a flat boat, and towed five miles up the Suez Canal to the quarantine station in the desert, where we are now as closely guarded as any prisoners were ever watched. I haven't any fear of the plague breaking out-I am sure we can't break out. But here we are, and here we will stay until the officials decide we can go free.



F. JOHN URI LLOYD

Our party consists of Mr. William Jennings Bryan and family, two other Americans, three Englishmen, and myself. We are doing the best we can, writing, reading, sleeping. The fare is good, the food well cooked; our jailers courteous. But I will be glad and dry is the laden atmosphere. The when it is over. This bubonic plague throat cracks, the nostrils become like is a fearful thing. It attacks a man dry leather. one day-the next, he is dead. It is said that 95 percent of the natives at storm has nearly shut my eyes. For tacked in India die. There seems to the first time I know what it means be no successful treatment. The quar- where the Scriptures speak of 'weepantine physician informs me that their ing bloody tears.' The same is a fact.

chief reliance is on good food, good care, quinine. The attack comes on with a high fever, soon bubonic ulcers form, the man dies. It is a case in which death races quickly and joyfully. It has been decided that rats spread the plague more than other influences. Hence there is a systematic war in Bombay and elsewhere in India, on rats. It is a war of extermination, if possible.

No rational man can criticise these quarantine regulations. Should this fearful disease get a foothold in Europe, its ravages might shadow De Foe's description of the plague in Lon-

During his detention in the quarantine camp in the African desert, Prof. Lloyd witnessed, or rather experienced, one of the terrible dust storms of the Sahara, so dreaded by the caravans crossing the desert. says:

"The wind increased from a sigh to a moan. It rose in recurring waves, each interval of rest being followed by a more aggressive blast. It fairly howled in fierceness. The uplifted dust cloud from afar surrounded us, falling upon us like flour. That earthflour sifts through crevices unseen.

"It seeks entrance where there is no opening, and covers both the animate and the inanimate. The dust turns to sand, and heaps itself about me. And so the hours pass. No longer is it moonlight, nor night, not yet is it day. The time for sanshine is here, but there is no sun. The night has gone b. t day has not come. The light of the moon has been imperceptibly displaced by another light, in which, seemingly, neither moon nor sun take part.

"Gray is the shadowy nearness of the dust circle. There is nothing in the distance, nor yet is there any object close. To the right and to the left, to the east and to the west, the shifting clouds are everywhere. Thick

"I am well, excepting that this dust

It is a dribble of glutinous tears, that exudes from the corner of the eyes, carrying blood. I think it is a wise provision of nature to clean out the sand which the thick tears can carry away, but which watery tears would not move. Excepting this eye disturbance, I am well.

"But enough. If this letter is mailed, it will be after I am out of the quarantine station, so that when you get it you will know that there is no danger that I will get the babonic plag.e."

JOHN URI LLOYD.

SERGEANT H. J. HOMER

One of the most unique characters in the city of Boston is Sergt. Horatio J. Homer, who lives at 686 Massachusetts avenue. In a recent issue of the Globe, we find the following article, which we reproduce for the benefit of our readers:

Sergt. Horatio J. Homer, the only colored man in the Boston police department, is not only one of the best policemen in this city, but he is one of the best friends and most persistent readers the Globe has.

Sergt. Homer not only knows the police business throughout, but he knows men and he knows the world, having been a wide traveller before he became a policeman.

He is a musician of merit, playing on about every wind and string instrument that is made, and he is also a mechanic of no mean ability, and in his leisure hours for some years past he has been building wonderful creations in household furniture and ornaments out of pasteboard and canceled postage stamps.

The sergeant has also cultivated his mind by extensive courses of reading and study along special lines, and can converse with the best scholars of the day on history from the time history began to be made, and on all the sciences, exact and occult. He has studied Greek, and the hieroglyphics of the Pompelians of centuries ago he can translate and write as fast as he can see them.

In his pursuit of historical facts of the thousands of canceled postage and of the best there is in poetry, the stamps which come to his hands on

sergeant, when the Globe began publishing daily "A poem you ought to know," and its "Daily lessons in history," began cutting out each day the poem and the history lesson, and he has every one of the poems and all of the lessons in history pasted in scrap books, a poem on one page and the history lesson on the page opposite.

Sergeant Homer has not only cut out, pasted up and carefully preserved the poems and the lessons in history, but he has read all of them, and can repeat verbatim, most of the poems, and can tell pretty accurately all the facts that have been given in the history lessons. His memory is remarkable, and he can pretty nearly tell on what day of the week each of the 1697 poems he has was printed.

Sergeant Homer was born in Farmington, Conn., May 24, 1848, and was educated in the public schools of that place. For a number of years he was a waiter, and later a steward on steamboats and on the railroads of this country, travelling through all the states, and having many adventures and narrow escapes from death in wreeks afloat and ashore.

December 24, 1878, Mr. Homer was appointed a patrolman in the police department, and was assigned to duty at headquarters as a messenger for the commissioners. The administration of police affairs has been changed many times since, but Homer has gone on, like the brook, "forever," or, at least, up to this date, tactfully and helpfully guarding the outer doors of the commissioners' offices making himself so valuable through his experience and willingness successive boards of commissioners have retained him in his place.

In September, 1895, as a reward for his good, work, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant, which carried with it an increase of \$200 a year in salary.

In the position he holds the sergeant has considerable leisure time to himself, and he has utilized a great deal of it in making household ornaments and furniture for his home out of the thousands of canceled postage stamps which come to his hands on

mail addressed to the police commissioners

By mounting canceled stamps on cardboard and then shellacing the stamps, some wonderfully handsome effects in colors and designs are produced by the sergeant. Many of the fine pieces of furniture in the handsomely furnished flat where Sergeant Homer and his wife live, on the second floor of 686 Massachusetts



SERGEANT HOMER

Avenue, were made by the sergeant's own hands.

There is a bookcase which for beauty of design and perfection of finish cannot be excelled in any of the Back Bay residences, and of smaller pieces of utility there is almost no The pedestal on which a fine piano lamp rests securely, is made of stamps, several thousands of them having been employed in its making, and then there are handkerchief boxes, a cabinet containing the family chafing dish, waste paper boxes and numerous other useful and ornamental things, on which stamps in artistic and fancy designs were woven and then shellaced, so that it is substantially indestructible.

making beautiful things out of stamps length, and represents and it is a treat for any lover of good | golden eagle.

music to hear him play his various instruments, with Mrs. Homer accompanying him on the piano.

The sergeant is an artist at the piano himself, but when he is musically inclined and his wife goes to the piano, it doesn't much matter either which one of his collection of musical instruments he gets to first; he can bring melody out of any of them.



MRS. HOMER

A few days ago a Globe reporter called at Sergt. Homer's home, and in his music room he saw the following instruments, on each of which the head of the house performs well, and with equal facility: a piano, a phonoharp, guitar, mandolin, violin, viola, double bass, trombone, flute, clarinet and 'cello.

Sergeant Homer has a most valuable and interesting collection of coins and medallions, and he has a Japanese tapestry, probably 200 or 300 years old, for which art collectors have offered fabulous sums.

The Boston art museum has several times attempted to buy the tapestry. but the sergeant has steadfastly refused to sell it. The tapestry When Sergeant Homer wearies of about four feet wide by six feet in an he turns for recreation to his music, Japanese legend of the slaying of the

Grand United Order of True Reformers

of True Reformers is a fraternal ben-ing fee, according to age, of from \$4.60 eficiary society, organized under the laws of the state of Virginia with its principal offices at Richmond, Va.

Object.

The object of the organization is to unite fraternally all colored persons of sound bodily health and good moral character, to give all moral and fraternal aid in its power to its members' and those dependent upon them. To educate its members socially, morally, and intellectually and assist them in time of sickness as well as



BANK BUILDING, RICHMOND

to provide a death benefit to be paid to the beneficiaries of its deceased members.

How Admitted.

Any person of sound health and good moral character between the ages of two and 60 years, who is socially and otherwise acceptabe, may become a member by subscribing to the constitution, bylaws and regulations of the organization.

A Fountain.

more persons between the ages of 14 Second street, Richmond, Va.

The Grand Fountain United Order and 60 years who pay a regular jointo \$6.60, and monthly dues of from 40c to 60c, for which the Subordinate Fountain pays a sick fee of from \$6 to \$9 a month, payable weekly and the Grand Fountain pays a death benefit of from \$75 to \$125. In the establishment of the new fountains, persons are admitted up to 50 years of

> There are also connected with this organization three class departments, known as the Mutual Benefit degree and is divided as follows: B, E, & M. classes, each of which pay death benefits as follows: B class from \$65 to \$200: E class from \$350 to \$500; and M class from \$700 to \$1000.

To become a member of Class B, an admission fee is required of from \$2.50 to \$4.25, with quarterly dues from \$1.20 to \$1.90, according to age; in E class a fee from \$5 to \$6.50, with quarterly dues from \$5.25 to \$6.25, according to age; and M class a joining fee from \$11 to \$13.50 and quarterly dies from \$5.25 to \$6.25, according to

Rose Bud Fountain.

A Rose Bud Fountain is composed of 40 or more children between the ages of two and 14 years, who pay a joining fee of 50c and monthly dues of 16c, for which in case of sickness, the Rose Bud Fountain pays a sick due fee from \$1 to \$3.50 a month, payable weekly, and the Grand Fountain at the death of a Rose Bud member pays a death benefit of from \$24.50 to \$37. The Grand Fountain was chartered under the laws of the state of Virginia in 1881. Commencing with a benefited membership of 100 persons, it numbers May 1, 1906, more than 85,000 and has paid death claims more than \$1,219,514.75. and in sick dues over a million and a half dollars. Any person desiring further information as how to organize fountains or Rose Buds can get the same by wiring to Rev. W. L. A fountain is composed of 20 or Taylor, D. W., G. W. M., at 604 N.

REV. W. L. TAYLOR, G. W. M.

Grand Fountain U. O. T. R .- Born in Virginia in 1854-One of the Most Noted Men of Ilis Race-An Able and Eloquent Minister, Who Has Long Worked for the Upbuilding of His Race.

Short Sketch of His Life.

The Rev. W. L. Taylor, president of the Grand Fountain United Order of True Reformers, is one of the most prominent men of his race. His name is known far and wide and is a household word, especially among the younger generation, and the work that he has accomplished should be an inspiration to every colored youth. He was born in Caroline county in 1854.



DR W. L. TAYLOR.

Educational advantages for the colored race in those days were very meagre, yet he was ambitious to find a way to better things for himself, and so he resolved to make a way if he could not find one. He obtained what education he could by attending the short terms of the schools of his county, and all the spare time he had was spent in reading and study. Finally, things shaped themselves so he could Richmond Institute, now known as the "Virginia Union University." At this institution he was a Brown, he became acting president, favorite with both students and and in September, 1898, he was electteachers. His polite manners and ed permanent president for four years. kindly consideration for others won The idea of this great order originated for him the confidence and good will with W. W. Brown, who organized it of all who knew him. He left school in a small way and was its president in 1878. Mr. Taylor early realized until death. It is doubtful if his manthat life itself is a school, and that the could have fallen upon a more

school life: the school furnishes only the implements for working out life's destinies. As a consequence, he devoted himself with characteristic energy to a study of those subjects and questions that were of vital importance not only to himself, but to his

In 1880 he was licensed to preach, and at once took pastoral charge of Pleasant Grove church, in Caroline county, and afterwards served in like capacity, the congregation of Mount Zion church in Louisa county. He is now pastor of Jerusalem Baptist church of Hanover county.

He is one of the most eloquent divines in the Baptist denomination, and his work has always been characterized by great zeal and earnestness. In 1883 he took charge of the public school at Beaver Dam, Va., and soon became prominent in educational circles. He thus taught and preached at the same time; for in no better way could be work for the amelioration of his race. But such a man was destined to be called upon to occupy a place where his influence and great power for good would be even more widely felt, and so, in 1886, he gave up teaching to become a deputy of the Grand Fountain of the United Order of True Reformers. His sphere of influence was thus widened and he began traveling, lecturing and organizing lodges in as many as 15 states, including Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, District of Columbia, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. For 10 years he continued in this work with credit to himself and honor to the order. In 1891 he was made vice-president and served as such until 1897, when upon the death of the lamented president and founder of the order, W. W. studying should by no means end with worthy person: one more capable of

carrying onward to a successful completion so noble a work, than the Rev. W. L. Taylor. For many years he was one of the founder's most intimate friends, and he thus became thoroughly imbued with the aims and purposes of the great order.

President Taylor's administration has been eminently successful, and the order has grown and expanded thus keeping pace with modern conditions. There has been a noticeable large increase in membership, and by his recommendation the industria and mercantile department was estatlished, which is proving quite a suc He also recommended the ectablishment of the Brownsville settle ment in honor of President Brown The settlement is growing and is located seven miles from Richmond.

President Taylor is yet compara tively a young man and in thoroug accord with all the great movement looking to the beterment of his race. The order of which he is the head is probably the greatest factor that is working today for the upbailding of the colored race. It goes hand in hand with the progress and prosperity of the race; and its benign influence will never cease, so long as a hope for better things in this life inspires the breast of man.

In 1903 the work of this grand man had become so noted that at a meeting of the educational board of the Lynchburg Virginia Seminary, honored and distinctive degree of Doc tor of Divinity was conferred upon him. This was a just recognition of the true worth of the services of a great man by the president and board of managers of a great college. Dr. Taylor is honored and respected by all with whom he chances to become acquainted.

We wish him continued good healt! and long life, and that his future life may serve as his past, a steppingstone for the present and future generations.

Dr. Taylor has just returned from ? tour of the Southern Grand Divisior in interest of farther spreading the works of the institution among thoswho are worthy of receiving it. This

coming into the folds of the institution. He is now touring the west, where he is receiving the greatest ovation ever tendered a Negro president of this coun'ry. We shall expect from reports already received in this office, greater results from his than western tour ever before achieved on a similar occasion.

DEFACING THE IMAGE OF GOD.

A Sermon By Rev. Henry J. Callis, D. D., Pastor of Columbus Avenue A. M. E. Zion Church, Boston, Mass.

Take therefore the talent from him and give it unto him who hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Matt. xxv, 28, 29.

This scripture is a part of the closing scene in the second parable given by our Lord in the 25th chapter of Matthew's gospel, where He gives us two dramas setting forth very clearly man's endeavor to reach the kingdom of heaven. This second parable sets forth in a very clear light the opportunity given us to inherit eternal life: and the responsibility resting on us as to whether we shall retain or forfeit this inheritance.

That every human being comes to this world with the image of God stamped in him or her, there can be no doubt; all intelligent and reasonable men and women believe this. Can this image die? Humanity does not believe that it can. But in the Bible we read of eternal death: what does it mean? It means punishment. Jesus Christ the Son of Go'l says these shall go away into everlasting punishment; Matt., xxv, 25, 46.

Through all the ages of human existence it has been possible for men and women by their own volition to take such a position as not to be worthy of recognition by their fellows. Their habits of life, their way of thinking, the way in which they care for their highest and most sacred trusts, is repulsive to all that is honest and righteous in their fellow visit means several thousand person men. And they refuse absolutely to

be associated with them; and sometimes are compelled, for the best good of society to put the delinquent to death. We say it was because of the crime they had committed. But the truth is, that they had by their own volition and the acts of their own hand degraded themselves so that honest men could not discern that they had but one right left, and that was justice without mercy. this is true with the finite or human, is it not possible for it to be also true with the Infinite, or Divine? Created a little lower than the angels in the image of God with a divine as well as physical life, with a longing after righteousness, truth and eternal peace as well as the gratification of the physical appetite and passion, what will be the result if we drag down this image of God and force it to be content with the gratification of physical appetites and passions only? Can it feed on physical ambitions, and develop on the lust of the eye or the pride of life? Does it find satisfaction and peace in the pleasures of the world? Does saying mean things about some one that you do not like give comfort to this image of God in you? Does praise of men, or glory of the kingdoms of the earth bring to this image of God a just and lasting joy? Is there anything in all the realm of personal satisfaction or individual attainments that satisfies this longing after eternal peace and righteousness? If there is, I have not found it; have you? All of these things I have had. What lack I? "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul (image) after Thee, O God": Psalms, xlii, 1. When the psalmest wrote these words he was thirsting after the water of life, and hungry for the bread of life. This image of God must be cared for. if not it will become alienated from all that is good and glorious. And the spirit of God will not recognize But let us remember that this image cannot be so defaced unless we first will for it to be done. When the Lord of the servant in the parable, of which our text is a part, was about to take his journey, he gave to each one according to his ability the same the exercise. But come with me and.

responsibility. And on His return He required nothing out of the ordinary results of the confidence imposed; under conditions that He himself had made possible before he left. And all he required was for each of them to will to do what he knew was wanted done. Two of them were willing to do, one was not willing; He says I knew Thee. Is it not Thee I know; rather than the will of our Lord and Master that got us in trouble? If the eye is in constant darkness it will lose its power of sight. If the hand is deprived of its activity it will wither and lose its power to grasp. Will not the image of God in us lose its power of recognition by the spirit of God; by being kept away from its natural desires.

The highest and best power we have is that power by which we assure ourselves that God is pleased with the life we are living. When this power is at its best then all of the other functions of human life are at their best. When this power lies dormant it matters not what may seem to be the prosperity and success which surround us, we can only be at peace with our fellows for a short period of time and never at peace with God and ourselves.

The possibility of defacing the image of God in ourselves may commence with the conception of right and wrong; if by our inherent will and early training we decide to keep in touch with God and do His will as it is made plain to us. His image in us will grow larger and brighter as the days and years go by, and the sphere of our usefulness and success in life, will grow as long as we remain in this world, and in the world to come we shall go on to know more and more.

But says one, I cannot see how the indulgence in, and the enjoyment of what is called the pleasures of the world to their fullest extent will deter or deface what you are pleased to call this image of God in us. In answer let me say: the young man who enters college cannot see why he cannot enter the athletic field and enjoy the pleasures that come from

let us visit the cripples that from this source alone are a burden to the world when they should be helping to lighten its burdens.

count the untimely deaths and ask face His image in us.

ourselves if it pays. I do not say that there are no earthly pleasures which may be enjoyed; but I do say that it is a sin to indulge in anything Let us stop just long enough to that will alienate us from God or de-

WERE SOLD MEN WHFN

The Underground Railroad in Bucks County Pennsylvania, An Address Delivered before the Bucks County Historical Society, Jan. 18, 1898

BY EDWARD H. MAGILL

(Continued from page 39 of the May No.)

In the lower part of the county, among those who were ever ready to receive with sympathy these unhappy fugitives, to care for them, and give or obtain for them employment, so long as they dared to stop on their Northern flight, and then, with the proper credentials to their friends further North, help them on their way, either by taking them in their own conveyances, sometimes covered over or disguised to avoid detection in case of pursuit or search, or by sending them on by trusted friends travelling in that direction, or sometimes, when it seemed safe to do so, paying their fares and sending them by stage, (Bucks county being then without railroads); I may mention the names of Robert Purvis, Barclay Ivins, the Pearces, the Swains, the Beanses, the Lintons, the Schofields, the Buckmans, the Janneys, the Twinings, Jonathan Palmer, William Lloyd, William Burgess, and the Longshores.

After the journey northward of from ten to twenty miles, the fugitives were received and kindly cared for until ready to go further north, by the Atkinsons, the Browns, the Tregos, the Blackfans, the Smiths, the Simpsons, the Paxsons, John E. Kenderdine, Jonathan P. Magill, Jacob Heston, William H. Johnson, Joseph Fell and Edward Williams.

Having but shight acquaintance with friends of the slave in the northern end of the county, I can only say that the friends of the middle section of the county generally forwarded fugitives to Richard Moore, of Quakertown, or sometimes more directly, further on by stage or private conveyance to the Vails, or to Jacob Singmaster, of

Stroudsburg. On reaching these Northern points, having put so many miles of weary travel between them and their masters in the South, their feeling of security generally increased, and still more was this the case on reaching Montrose or Friendsville, in Susquehanna county, where under the kind care of Israel Post, in Montrose, or Caleb Carnault, in Friendsville, and other friends to aid them, they had reached ground on which, in those days of difficult travel, the slaveholder but rarely ventured in search of his slaves. A comparatively short journey from these places brought them to the state of New York.

The home of our friend Richard Moore, in Quakertown, being the last important station of the Underground Railroad in our county, and being the point where the northeastern Chester county line and most of the Bucks county lines converged, I have felt that it would be a matter of especial interest to know all that I could learn of this station from the best authority. To this end I have been twice granted an interview by Alfred Moore, grandson of Richard Moore, at his office in Philadelphia. I learn from him that Richard Moore, while not ready to unite with the early abblitionists in their revolutionary motto: "No Union with Slaveholders," still felt prompted by kind sympathy many years ago to aid on their way the escaping fugitives. His home soon became known to the friends further south as a place where all fugitives forwarded would receive kindly care and needed assistance in their continued flight. Hence they soon began to come directed to his home in very considerable numbers. Although slaveholders rarely proceeded so far as this in pursuit of their slaves, they occasionally did so, and more than once the master has presented himself at the front door of Richard Moore a few moments after the object of his search, being forewarned of his approach, had escaped by a back door to a place of concealment in the rear. Many of the fugitives on reaching Quakertown, feeling comparatively safe, were willing to hire out there, and Richard Moore was ever ready to give them work himself or find them employment among his friends and neighbors. Still there were many of the slaves whose terror was so great that they were anxious to be passed on as soon as possible to a real land of freedom in Canada. These were, of course, sent on at once, and generally with letters to friends in Montrose or in Friendsville. Much of the route between Quakertown

and these farther stations, up the valley of the Lehigh and the Susquehanna, was through a then unsettled country, where the probabilities of discovery and arrest were but slight. But there, as elsewhere, most of their travelling was done at night, they lying concealed in some dark ravine or impenetrable morass or brushwood during the day. The cruel treatment of these poor creatures at home may be well conceived on considering the terror of many of them by day and by night, even in the depths of those interminable forests, with hundreds of miles between them and their masters, whom they so greatly feared.

One of the slaves who reached this safe station at Quakertown about the year 1850, just about the time of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, seemed especially brave, being destitute of fear, even in that most trying time. He was a slave of Abraham Shriner, of Pipe Creek, Maryland, and was known as Bill Budd at home, but on running away from bondage assumed the name Henry Franklin, it being naturally a very common practice with runaway slaves to take an assumed name. This man did not care to be sent to Canada, and was employed as a carter by Richard Moore for several years. During this time he was much engaged in carting coal from the Lehigh river, there being then no railroad to Quakertowm. There were often slaves to be sent northward, and he would lead his wagon with them in the evening, cover them well with straw, and take them so much of a start on the lonely road to Friendsville, and return with a load of coal the next day. Alfred Moore was quite confident that one of the slaves thus carried north by Henry Franklin was Parker, the principal hero in the Christiana tragedy. This brave Franklin, who was thus instrumental in aiding so many slaves to secure their freedom, afterwards came to Philadelphia, where he was for a number of years janitor in the Academy of Fine Arts, and lived in Philadelphia until his death. Richard Moore had sent on fugitives several years, and when the number became quite large he began to keep a regular record, and after that time, until the war made escape from slavery unnecessary, he recorded the names of about six hundred. Many of these, however, did not come through the lower end of Bucks county, but reached his station by way of Norristown, and the northeastern Chester county line.

Thus far, (except for the case of Bill Budd, alias Henry Franklin)

I have spoken rather on the general aspect of the question under consideration. I now proceed to give, with some detail, a few individual cases of the escape of slaves through our county, and their recapture in it, which details I have endeavored to confirm by a careful personal investigation.

Although the case of Big Ben has been fully stated in the public press, as it occurred more than half a century ago, it has been suggested to me that the young people of this generation know little or nothing about it, and I would better include at least a brief outline of

it in these reminiscences.

It was about sixty-five years ago that a slave of one William Anderson, near York, Maryland, named Benjamin Jones, (called Big Ben, from his immense size, measuring, according to his own and others' testimony, six feet ten and one-half inches in stature) with four other slaves, fearing that they were to be sold to the Southern market, started on a Northern journey by night toward a land of freedom. After many risks and hardships, being frequently aided by kind friends of the Underground Railroad by the way, they succeeded in reaching Buckingham and Bucks county, where some of them found employment. Big Ben worked for Jonathan Fell, father of Joshua Fell of Mechanicsville, Thomas Bye, William Stavely and others, for about eleven years. He was one day chopping in the woods near Forestville, when his former master, William Anderson, with four other men, one of them, at least, a noted slave catcher of that day, came suddenly upon him to arrest and take him back to the south. fellow laborers were frightened and fled, leaving Ben alone to cope with five men. He defended himself desperately with his axe, and said afterwards that at one time he had all five on the ground at once. But at length he was tripped up and overpowered, but not without seriously wounding several of his captors, and receiving injuries himself from which he never wholly recovered. This seems to be one of those cases where a slave was returned to the south without even the form of a trial. He was taken to Baltimore and placed in Hope H. Slater's notorious slave prison, to await sale to the far off cotton fields of the Gulf States, the usual fate of returned fugitive slaves. But his wounds made him unsalable, much to his master's chagrin, who had hoped to take him unharmed for obvious reasons, (with which humanity had little to do), and he was confined in this slave pen, when a meeting was called at Forestville, of which I take the following report from the Pennsylvania Freeman of June 6, 1844:

"An animated meeting was held on the subject of Big Ben on the 26 ultimo, in Forestville, at which George Chapman presided and R. H. Donatt acted as secretary, and the following among other spirited

resolutions was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the duty of every one to do all that he constitutionally can to defeat and baffle the slave catcher, to protect his prey from his grasp, and to hold up to public scorn and indignation the infamous conduct of the Baillys and Hubbards and all other Northern men who sell their principles and barter the rights of their fellow men for Southern gold."

The sum of \$700, the amount demanded by Slater, was soon after raised, and George Chapman and Jonathan K. Bonham were sent on behalf of the citizens, who paid the ransom and restored the kid-

napped slave to his adopted northern home.

After his return to Bucks county he was never the same man that he was before. His physical strength was much impaired by the wounds received in his struggle for liberty, and his spirit seemed much broken. He worked for a time in Buckingham, and in my own native township of Solebury, where I remember seeing him occasionally, and although bowed down somewhat by the hardships which he

had undergone, I was always impressed by his enormous stature. He married some ten years after his return from the south, and his wife spent with him the last ten years of his life in the Bucks county hospital, where they told visitors that they were well off and happy, for they always had something to eat and wear.

For information as to the case of Big Ben I am especially indebted to Alfred and Edward Paschall, former students of mine at Swarthmore college, and later successful editors of the Bucks County Intel-

ligencer.

I am informed by John S. Brown, formerly, for many years, the honored and successful head of the Intelligencer, that some time in 1837, he having finished his apprenticeship, and living with his mother in Plumstead, he was one day in Doylestown on business, and as he passed the Temperance Hotel, his brother-in-law, Kirk J. Price, stepped out and asked him, in a mysterious manner, to keep a sharp lookout as he passed Academy Lane, and a passenger would present herself, whom he was to take to the house of Charles and Martha Smith, in Plumstead, ask no questions, and leave her to their care. He did as directed, and soon saw a woman looking cautiously out from between the corn rows, stopped and took her in, conveyed her to the house of his aunt, as directed, who gladly received her, and no doubt forwarded her on her way to the next Underground station at either Quakerstown or Stroudsburg. In that way, he said, he became, for one day, a conductor on the Underground Railroad.

From Isaac Warner of Hatboro I learn that his father's house was one of the stations of the Underground Railroad, and that slaves would frequently stop there, hire out in the neighborhood for a rew days and then be directed, with, of course, the necessary letters and needed aid, to the house of Isaac's wife's father, Richard Moore of Quakertown, whose home has been described as the last, and one of the most important stations in the northern part of our county. was during the thirties, early in the history of regular anti-slavery organizations. About 1835, one Joe Smith, who had worked for Isaac Warner's father some two years, being one of that large number who did not care to be forwarded to Canada, went to Byberry and engaged with a Mr. Walton there, and soon after married a free woman. by whom he had two children. Early in the spring of '37 or '38, learning that his master was seeking him in the neighborhood, he was at once sent on to Quakertown, of course to the care of Richard Moore. Soon after, Isaac informs me, the wife and children were sent to his father's house, where he had them covered up in a wagon with plenty of straw, and started with them to Quakertown. He was directed to stop nowhere on the road, for fear of detection, and to take with him a bucket in the wagon to water his horses at some stream in the road. If inquired of on the way he was to say that he was going to Richard Moore's Pottery, the abundance of straw being, of course, to be for packing the wares on his return. He made the journey without molestation, united the man and his family, and they were properly forwarded to Canada, by the Underground Railroad by the usual route.

The following amusing circumstance will illustrate one of the difficulties incurred in investigating this subject of the Underground Railroad. Wishing to know more about one of the points where an important Underground station seemed to have been successfully worked for a number of years, and knowing no one in the vicinity, I addressed a letter of inquiry to the postmaster there, stating briefly what I desired and why. In a week I received the following reply:

"There is a mistake about there being an Underground Railroad here. There is no railroad, nor were there ever any slaves here that anybody here knows anything about. I am sorry I can't give you any information on the subject you have so much at heart, but indeed I cannot."

Another case was given me by Isaac Warner, but as it did not pass through any part of Bucks county, (being confined wholly to Montgomery county) I will pass it by saying that the parties who interfered with the arrest of a fugitive were fined to the amount of four or five hundred dollars, which amount they had to pay. If the case had occurred after the passage, in '50, of the Fugitive Slave Law, the fines would have been \$2000, with imprisonment for a term not to ex-

ceed six months.

I will now briefly state a case with which our family have been quite familiar. Rachael Moore was a slave near Elkton. Maryland. more than fifty years ago. She was manumitted by her master, and received free papers from the court at Elkton. I had hoped to present these papers, as they were long carefully cherished in her possession, but they have been mislaid since her death. She had six children who were still slaves, and succeeded in carrying them all off, and bringing them to the North, aided by the Underground Railroad. As usual they traveled only by night, resting in concealment during the day. Think of a mother starting unaided, with her six children, to a distant and unknown country, seeking for her children the blessings of freedom which she already acquired! Does not the fact speak volumes for the cruelty of the system of oppression from which she was making her escape? They sometimes met with friends who took them in and cared for them during the day, and sent them on at night. Sometimes they were less fortunate, and spent the day in anxious concealment all alone. The first names that I have of those with whom they stopped are a family of Lewises with whom they seem to have spent some days, a few miles from Phoenixville. Grace Anna Lewis, now of Media, Pennsylvania (a daughter of this family) thus describes the sad family on their arrival at their hospitable home: "This woman reached us in a most pitiful condition. after she and her children left the home of the master, a rain came on, and the flapping of their wet garments against their unprotected limbs wore off the skin, until it bled with every step, yet their sense of danger of capture was so great that they pressed forward with all the speed possible to them. I think the mother carried the youngest child to hasten them forward. When they reached our house they were too sore to do anything but rest and recuperate. In addition to their need of rest was that of northern clothing. My memory is that the mother wore but a single garment, a coarse heavy dress made of tow, woven in broken stripes of red, an inch or more in width, and totally unlike anything of northern manufacture, the children dressed in the same material. Of course this clothing exposed them to detection by the first pro-slavery person they should meet; and it had to be burned immediately, as soon as other clothing could be provided. A store for such cases was constantly kept on hand at our house, much of it being prepared by a number of anti-slavery families, who sent it to us in quantity. Our home was usually the first on the line where southern clothing could be exchanged for northern. The haste was frequently too great to admit of delay for this change at any earlier time." Miss Lewis closes her interesting letter thus: As was usual in such cases, we never heard further of this woman and her children, until I listened to thy account in the Intelligencer. The gathering up of the ashes "for history's golden urn" is not alone for succeeding generations, but for the old workers, too. It was very pleasant for me to know that after all her trials, this woman had found a safe home with thy father and mother." The Lewises seem to have sent this family on in a wagon at night to Jacob L. Paxson, a well known friend of the slave at Norristown, where they remained two weeks. From there they were forwarded to the home of another most

faithful and devoted friend of the slave, Wm. H. Johnson, of Buckingham where homes were found for the four eldest children in the Friends families of Thomas Paxson, Joseph Fell, Edward Williams, and John Blackfan. Rachel, with her two youngest children, came to the home of my father, Jonathan P. Magill of Solebury, where they remained several years. I am indebted to Fanny, one of these chil-

dren, for some of the details of this account.

The Christiana tragedy, sometimes known as the Gorsuch murder case, which occurred in 1851, and was one of the early test cases of the Fugitive Slave Law, which was passed in 1850, is too well known to require an extended description here; but I may say that I am credibly informed that some of the slaves concerned in that tragedy passed through the upper end of our county, by way of Norristown, were ceived and cared for by Richard Moore at Quakertown. Dr. Smedley, in his interesting history of the Underground Railroad in Chester and Lancaster counties, gives quite a full account of this case, and speaks of three principal actors in it, Parker, Pinckney and Johnson, as passing through Quakertown. But there was another of these fugitives, who passed over much more of our Underground Railroad, in this county, as I have learned from the lips of an actor in the case within a few weeks. This man was brought by a Friend to Philadelphia on a Sixth day evening, soon after the Christiana riot, probably by previous arrangement with William Lloyd of Dol-William being in market on that evening, arranged to take the slave home with him, and then send him on toward the North. He agreed to do this, knowing full well the heavy penalty of \$2000 fine and six months imprisonment to which the new law would make him liable, if detected. What a sad condition of our country when the lawmakers were so overawed by the slave oligarchy of the South that they would frame laws that the best of our citizens must evade, being unable conscientiously to obey them. The country aroused by the tragedy in Christiana, and pursuit and search being therefore especially to be feared, William started home late on the Seventh day, covering his man completely with straw in the back part of his covered wagon. On approaching home during the night, he took the slave to a colored family whom he knew, living in a small house in the edge of a wood on the Newtown and Yardleyville Pike, close by Janney's dam. The next morning he sent for Henry H. Twining (from whom I received this account a few weeks ago) and asked him to call at the house of the colored man, and take this slave on toward the north the next evening. He took the proper couveyance and drove him, during the night, to the house of my father, Jonathan P. Magill, in Solebury, arriving there after midnight. When called up by Henry's knocking, my mother and father were much startled, and seemed 10 hesitate what to do, but my sister Rebecca, the only other member of the family then at home, came to the door of their room and said, "we cannot do anything but admit them, and take care of the fugitive." So they came in and were kept over night, Henry M. Twining returning home in the morning with the assurance that the slave would be cared for, and promptly forwarded and aided on his way to the north. Later the word came that he was safe in Canada, and he doubtless went from our home to Richard Moore's, or took the more eastern or Stroudsburg route, perhaps going in the stage line then running between New Hope and Eaton. It must have been by this stage line, with letters either to the Vails, or to Jacob Singmaster of Stroudsburg, that, when quite a small boy, I sent forward three men and two women, as I remember driving these five colored people to New Hope, and putting them in the care of the stage driver, and paying their fare to some point in the north.

I proceed now to state the outlines of the case of the slave Jane Johnson (which case was connected with the imprisonment of Pass-

more Williamson), as she passed on her way north over a part of the Underground road of Buck county. For the facts in this case I am indebted to a paper prepared a few years since for the Historical Society of Montgomery county by Dr. Hiram Corson of Norristown, after he was 21 years of age, a paper full of interesting rempiscences of the Anth-Slavery movement, and those most prominent engaged in it, which paper will probably be given to the public, in some form, at an early day.

Jane Johnson and her two boys, 7 and 11 years of age, brought to Philadelphia by their master, a man named Wheeler of Virginia, then United States minister to Nicaraugua. Learning that they had arrived on a steamer lying at Walnut Street whart and soon to sail on to New York, William Still and Passmore Williamson of Philadelphia found means to inform the slave that being brought to Pennsylvania by her master, she was free by the law of our state. She therefore made her escape from the boat with her two little boys and they were secreted by anti-slavery friends in Philadelphia. Still and Williamson were tried before Judge Kane for the abduction or attempted abduction of a slave. When Williamson was required by the judge to produce the slave in court he was unable to do so, as the mother and her two boys had been aided by friends in making their way to Boston, where they were kept concealed. Williamson was consigned to prison on the frivolous charge of "contempt of As the case proceeded and the false testimony of the master seemed likely to imperil the case of the slave, the great risk was incurred of having Jane Johnson brought to Boston to confront him The public feeling was wrought up to a very with her testimony. high pitch and there was danger of collision in the court, the U. S. district attorney declaring that he would take the slave before she left the court room, the state authorities declaring that he should not. But she quietly left the room unmolested after her clear and impressive testimony was given, and was accompanied in her carriage by James Miller McKim, secretary of the American Anti-Slavery society, Lucretia Mott, and an intrepid officer named George Corson. A carriage load of officers also followed them as a guard. Soon after she was brought to the house of George Corson of Plymouth, where she received kind care. I will give the conclusion of the case in the words of Dr. Hiram Corson.

"Mahlon Linton and wife, Abolitionists of Bucks county, happened to be on a visit to George Corson and family, and it was concluded that a son of George Corson, then only eleven or twelve years of age, but now Dr. E. M. Corson of Norristown, should, with a carriage having Jane in it, as he did not know the road, closely follow Mahlon's carriage through the night to Mr. Linton's house, beyond Newtown, Bucks county. After dark they started and all through the night went on, reaching this next Underground station, (Mr. Linton's home) before the morning dawned. From there she was helped on to Canada,

where her two boys had been already sent."

Dr. Corson's paper contains numerous references to interesting cases of slaves who were passed on by him either to Richard Moore in Quakertown, to William H. Johnson in Buckingham, or to Mahlon B. Linton, as in this case. It will be seen that the Underground Railroad, with its numerous stations and sub-stations, often pursued a very zigzag and irregular direction, sometimes to elude pursuit, and often according to the convenience of various agents of the road.

I come to an important case with which Robert Purvis was closely identified, several details of which I had heard, at different times, from John S. Brown, Henry M. Twining and others. Feeling the importance of having these details properly connected, that I might present a clear statement of the whole case, I have had two very

satisfactory interviews with Robert Purvis at his home in Philadelphia during the past few weeks. He is now past 85 years of age and quite feeble, his memory of recent events (not those of his earlier life), showing the effect of age. He received me most cordially, with all the grace aid dignified courtesy for which he was so notably distinguished in his early life, and at the close of each interview of more than one hour, he dismissed me with the same dignified and gracious manner, begging me to call at any time when he could render me the least service upon any subject. In his account of the case that had especially brought me to his house he fully confirmed all that my other friends had said, and added some important points. The

case as he gave it to me is substantially as follows:

He said that he was living in Bensalem about the year 1838. He nau then hving with him a most excellent and faithful colored man namel Basil Dorsey, who had been with him about two years. At this time Dorsey was visited by a brother-in-law of his wife, from the state of Maryland, whence he came. This brother-in-law, for some reason, became jealous of Dorsey in his happy home, and betrayed Dorsey and his three brothers to their master, from whom they had escaped in '36. The master, their reputed father, aided by a notorihad then living with him a most excellent and faithful colored man ous slave catcher, came to Philadelphia and arrested Thomas, one of the brothers, and hurried him away to slavery, from which he was soon redeemed by his friends upon the payment of \$1000. Soon after the arrest of Thomas, these men secured the aid of a constable from Bristol and obtained warrants from Judge Fox at Doylestown, for the arrest of the remaining brothers. Two escaped them and were taken by night by Robert Purvis' brother, Joseph, to a friend's house 40 miles distant, in New Jersey, whence they were forwarded to Canada. Basil alone now remained, and the slave hunters came upon him toward evening as he was ploughing at a distant point on Robert Pur-Word came quickly to Mr. Purvis, brought by the son vis' farm. of a neighboring farmer, of the attempt to capture and handcuff Dorsey, and he hastened to the spot, where he learned that they had already started to Bristol with their prey. Robert immediately had his fleetest horse harnessed and made pursuit, reaching Bristol as they were locking up Dorsey in a cell where criminals were He remonstrated, and addressed a crowd who assembled, telling them of the outrage, and warmly enlisting their sympathy. master informed him that they would go to Doylestown the next morning, and bring the case before Judge Fox. In the morning, taking Dorsey's wife and two young children, Mr. Purvis drove to Doylestown, and employed as counsel Thomas Ross, one of the ablest lawyers then at the bar. When the case came up the judge was deeply moved, for, said Purvis recently, as he told me the story, "He was a man with human feelings if he was a judge;" and the forlorn condition of the hand-cuffed, dejected prisoner, and the tears of his young wife and their two children, moved every heart to pity. To gain time, and make the best possible defense, and for other reasons which appeared later, (but not before the court); the lawyer for the defense succeeded in putting off the case for two weeks, and the hand-cuffed prisoner was remanded to a cell. These two weeks were well used by Purvis and his friends. The colored people were thoroughly aroused, and preparations were made for a forcible rescue if

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the case went against Dorsey. As the time for the trial approached Purvis drove to Philadelphia, and called upon the best criminal lawyer at the bar in those days, David Paul Brown. He stated the case in a few words and offered Brown a fee of \$50 if he would come to Doylestown and defend Dorsey. To this Mr. Brown replied, almost indignantly, that he had never charged a dollar for defending a slave, and never would, but that he would gradly come to Doylestown and take the case as requested. At the end of two weeks the case came on before Judge Fox, and a young rising lawyer at that bar was the Mr. Brown was promptly on hand for the declaimant's counsel. fendant. Although it was against the principle of the Abolitionists to pay for a slave, the great sympathy felt for Dorsey, and the fear of losing the case, had caused two attempts to be made to purchase him. The master asked \$500; when that price was offered by his friend, he raised the price to \$800; and that sum being also offered he demanded \$1000. "No," said Dorsey, when consulted, "do not pay it. I am prepared to take my life in court, if the case goes against me, for I will never go back to slavery." Mr. Purvis said to me that he could but commend the man for his brave resolution-and the case came on. The prosecuting attorney made a clear statement of the claim, presenting the bill of sale, and the necessary evidences of the legality of the demand of the master. Robert Purvis felt, as he listened to the plea, and considered that the interpretation of the law which at that time was favorable to the slaveholder, that Dorsey's fate was practically sealed, unless the forcible rescue, contemplated and prepared for, was resorted to, upon which hundreds of well prepared colored men were resolved, but which they wished only to use as a last resort.

At this moment David Paul Brown arose, and his erect and stalwart form, and dignified and earnest manner, at once arrested the attention of the crowded court. He began by admitting the force of the arguments which the claimant's counsel had adduced, saying, "unfortunately, by the laws of this boasted land of freedom, the right of one man to claim another as his chattel slave in many of our states is unquestioned; and even in the states called free the slave owner from another state is permitted by the laws to seek his flying fugitive wherever he can be found; thus practically making these Northern States free hunting ground for the master seeking his fleeing bondmen." At this point he paused, and the anxiety of the friends of the fugitive on hearing this admission may be imagined. Then Mr. Brown suddenly drew himself up to his full heighth, raised

his forefinger, pointing most earnestly to the opposing counsel, and continued in his most impressive manner; "Thus far I freely admit the force of the argument of the claimant's counsel, but there is one fatal flaw in this indictment, and upon that I take my stand. This is a land of law; this is a court of law; and nothing can be decided in this court but under the strict sanction of law. Am I not right?"

The judge, apparently deeply moved by the manner of Mr. Brown, graciously bowed assent. Mr. Brown proceeded: "The opposing counsel has made a clear case for his client except in one important point: he has not shown by proper evidence that under the laws of Maryland, a man may be held as a slave, and not showing this, his case goes by default." "But," exclaimed the young prosecuting attorney, "Maryland is a slave state. Everybody knows that Maryland is a slave state." "Everybody is nobody," thundered Mr. Brown. "Common report does not pass before a court of justice. You must prove it by the proper documents. The right to hold a fellow man as a slave is too important a right to rest upon any but the most direct and substantial evidence." Here the young attorney stepped out and quickly brought a copy of the laws of Maryland, which Mr. Brown, after a glance at the title page, returned saying that it was not a properly certified copy. The young attorney then begged for a brief delay, that the demanded proof could be secured. But Mr. Brown was unrelenting and demanded the dismissal of the case for want of proper proof on this point. The Judge, who had been deeply moved by the plea of Mr. Brown, and his earnest manner grew more and more uneasy on his seat, and the whole feeling of the court and of the assembly was now evidently on the side of mercy. At this juncture the Judge arose and said suddenly: "The case is dismissed." Instantly Robert Purvis was at the elbow of Dorsey, leading him toward the door. A crowd of sympathizers rushed out with them and were just in time to see Purvis and Dorsey in a light carriage behind a fleet borse, disappear down Academy lane. So far as appears that was Basil Dorsey's last visit to Doylestown. They drove rapidly to Philadelphia, where Robert Purvis left Dorsey at his mother's; telling her to ask no questions, and keep him well concealed. Soon after he took him on to New York, where he was taken care of by good friends of the slave, and later was joined by his wife and children in New England.

Twenty-five years after, during the war that ended slavery, the door bell of Robert Purvis in Philadelphia was rung and a young

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colored man, of refined appearance and bearing, was ushered into his parlor. When Mr. Purvis came in he rose and said, "Is this Robert Purvis?" When told it was, he said, "My name is Robert Purvis Dorsey. You saved my father twenty-five years ago, and he has always told me that I must find your house first whenever I came to Philadelphia."

When Mr. Purvis told me this story a few weeks since, he was deeply affected, and seemed to dwell upon some parts of it especially, repeating them over and over, before he would let me go. He also added that he visited Basil Dorsey and his family a few years after the war, and that he found him a well to do citizen, with an interesting wife and a number of children, all of whom had received or were receiving a good education. "The whole case of Basil Dorsey," said Mr. Purvis, "I have always considered the most interesting case of my long and eventful life."

Wishing to know something of the later life of this hunted fugitive, I have made inquiry in different directions, but seemed to obtain no clue, when, a little later, I happened to speak of the case to Elizabeth Powell Bond, Dean of Swarthmore College, "Why," she exclaimed, "I preached the funeral sermon of Basil Dorsey in 1872!" In a few minutes she found among her papers, a printed copy of this admirable sermon, and in it I found printed the bill of sale of Basil Dorsey, executed in '51, soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. He was then in business in Florence, Mass., and often called to Boston and elsewhere, and his numerous friends feared that under the new and infamous law, his liberty, even so far away as Massachusetts, might be again imperilled. So they made up the sum of \$150, which his old master preferred to accept, instead of incurring the risk of his recapture in those troublous years, when the war for freedom was preparing every day and received from the master this bill of sale. I had it carefully copied, and deposited it with our Historical Society, mementos of those dark days which are now happily passed, as I would deposit the slavedriver's whip, manacles, iron collars or any other relic of the barbarous system of slavery, for, in the language of Dean Bond, : "It is of historic value, as really a relic of barbarism as the instruments of torture by which the slave drivers maintained their authority."

As I afterwards told Robert Purvis, a short time before his death, of this interview with Dean Bond, the good old man was deeply moved, and said "Such coincidences, as they are sometimes called, are not accidental, and I firmly believe that you are divinely directed in the work which you have undertaken."

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Among the hundreds of cases of fugitive slaves who have passed through our county of Bucks, according to the testimony of eyewitnesses, and especially the careful records of Richard Moore, many more might be verified by a thorough investigation, before the last of these engaged in the Underground Work have passed to the higher life. But these few may suffice as type cases illustrative of the sufferings endured, and the dangers bravely dared by this oppressed and long suffering race. And now that scarcely a generation has passed since their manumission by the brave hand of our first martyred President, let us further rejoice that their own efforts to rise, after their long generations in the house of bondage, have already resulted in placing rightfully in their hands over Five hundred million dollars worth of property in the Southern States; and that through the influence of their great leader, Booker T. Washington, they are rapidly gaining an interest in the cause of Education, through which they are to be placed in their proper position among their fellow men.

And furthermore, may we not, as American citizens, rejoice that, in the wise ordering of Divine Providence, this dark stain upon our National escutcheon is at last removed, and that our beloved country may now proudly take her place in the vanguard of the world's onward march among the nations of the earth.

ONE OF THE CHATTEL RECORDS OF BALTIMORE COUNTY.

(BILL OF SALE.)

Know all men by these presents, That I, Thomas E. Sollers of Frederick County, and State of Maryland, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars lawful money of the United States, in hand paid by George Griscom, of the city of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, Attorney at Law, at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged: Have granted, bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain and sell, unto the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, one Mulatto man, named Ephraim Costly, otherwise and now called Basil Dorsey, age about forty-three years, a slave for life. (The said Ephraim Costly, otherwise and now called Basil Dorsey, as aforesaid, having

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been born a slave for life of Sabrick Sollers, late of said Frederick County, in the State of Maryland, and raised by the said Sabrick Sollers, and owned by him as such slave for life until the decease of said Sabrick Sollers, after which he became the property, as such slave for life, of the said Thomas B. Sollers, (who is a son and one of the heirs at Law of said Sabrick Sollers, deceased), and is now a fugitive from service from said State of Maryland.)

To Have and To Hold the said described Mulatto Man Ephraim Costly, otherwise and now called Basil Dorsey, a slave for life as aforesaid to the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns forever, and the said Thomas E. Sollers, for himself, his Heirs, Executors, and Administrators, the said Mulatto Man Ephraim Costly, otherwise Basil Dorsey, unto the said George Griscom, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, against him the said Thomas E. Sollers, his Executors and Administrators, and against all and every other person or persons whatsoever, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal this Fourteenth day of May, Eight hundred and fifty-one, signed, sealed and delivered.

Thomas E. Sollers. (seal.)

In the presence of P. Gorsuch.

STATE OF MARYLAND, S. S. S.

Be it Remembered, That on this fourteenth day of May, 1851 before the Subscriber, a Justice of the Peace for said state and city, appears Thomas E. Sollers and acknowledges the above Instrument of Writing to be his act and deed, according to the true intent and meaning thereof, and also at the same time personally appeared George Griscom and made oath on the Holy Evangels of Almighty God that the consideration set forth therein is true and bona fide as set forth.

P. Gorsuch.



Dr. D. S. Moten of Texas Becomes a Benedict

The subject of this sketch was born November 5, 1865, immediately after the storm and strife of the Civil War, As a boy Dr. Moten showed remarkable signs of a bright and successful career. After completing his primary education with credit, he attended Howard Institute and Paul Quinn College at Waco, Texas. His success as a teacher, in which capacity he served for five years, won for him the position of principal of his school.

confidence of all. He finished the college requisites and was transferred to Payne Theological Seminary, which is connected with Wilberforce University. Dr. Moten was one of the first seminary students, and certainly the first to win the honor of becoming an assistant tutor. He served as teacher of Hebrew in his senior year, and the result of his creditable work is shown in the quality of the students which



MOTEN, D. D. Ph.D.,

Dr. Moten, however, was not content with what education he had and with the position he was occupying. He had a yearning for something yet greater. Consequently, August 26, 1890, we find him at Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, Ohio, the pioneer Negro School for higher education. Here Dr. Moten's wonderful ability as a student and also as a leader of students. During his last three years' seminary work Dr. Moten pastored Lee and Shorter chapel with such ability as to command the respect and has held many successful pastorates:



MISS DAISY MORETTA WILLIAMS (MOTEN).

he taught. The Seminary conferred upon him the degree of B. D.

Dr. Moten was now entered upon the active duties of his life's work, although he had been quite energetic in church work all the while of his school attendance. Bishop Daniel A. Payne ordained him deacon in September, 1893, while Bishop Benjamin W. Amett in September, 1895, ordained him elder. He now transferred to the Texas Conference where he

Bethel church at San Antonio, St. James, Terrell, Allen Chapel, Fort Worth, Texas. All know of the power and capabilities as a pastor of Dr. Everywhere he has held Moten. charge he has done work that will stand as a monument to him in the future. He has not failed to impress his personality upon all with whom he has come in contact.

Besides a successful pastor, Dr. Moten is general organizer of the Y. P. S. C. E., and into this work he throws his whole soul. He has organized, perhaps, more Christian Endeavor societies than any man of color in the United States. The whole state of Michigan is responsible for its C. E. societies to this remarkable charac-

For nearly six years Dr. Moten has held, by appointment of the governor of Texas, the state chaplaincy of the Texas Volunteer Guards. He is the tenth member of the General Church Board of the Southern Christion Recorder, and conference trustee of Wilberforce University. Dr. Moten's character is one worthy of emulation by all ambitious youths, as he has shown what energy and determination combined can do.

Dr. Moten was married to Miss Daisy Moretta Williams, a trained nurse, and they will make their home at No. 625 E. First street, Fort Worth, Texas.

Miss Williams was born in Newburg, S. C., April 3, 1879. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Williams, soon moved to Florida, where ful one, and her services are in de-Daisy was brought up amid orange mand by all the leading physicians blossoms and magnolias. Her father of her city.

owned and operated a successful orange orchard in this state. However, the parents found it necessary to move their residence permanently to

Here in this great state and in the city of Shuman, where her father had bought property, Daisy attended the public schools. Later she attended Mary Allen Seminary at Crockett, Texas, graduating with honors. She returned to her home prepared to teach, after obtaining a normal certificate. She gave up teaching in a few years and made her way to Wilberforce, where she determined to better equip herself for the battle of life. Here Miss Williams won the love and confidence of students and teachers. Undoubtedly Miss Williams was the most popular young lady at Wilberforce during her stay. She filled many positions open to students, but her most creditable work outside of her curriculum work, was done in the Sunday school and Y. W. C. A. She was unanimously elected delegate to the seventeenth annual session of the Y. W. C. A. at Hiram College, Hiram. Ohio, in 1901.

From Wilberforce University Miss Williams went to Washington, D. C., where she had received an appointment to a studentship in the Freedman's Hospital. Here her work was meritorious as usual, and she graduated with first honors among a professional set of trained nurses.

Miss Williams now returned . to Texas, where she found ready employment in her profession. Every one of her cases has been a success-







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